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# THE THREE WARTONS



# THE THREE WARTONS

*A Choice of their Verse*

EDITED WITH A NOTE AND  
A SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY  
*By ERIC PARTRIDGE*



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## PREFACE

**T**HE Wartons, more than any other three English writers, show a remarkable family likeness in their poetry. We think of the Beaumonts, the Fletchers, the Arnolds, the Lyttons, the Bensons, but the likeness of son or sons to father is either in a different medium of expression or less marked within those five groups than within that of the Wartons.

Thomas Warton the Elder is accessible (or inaccessible) only in the unique edition of 1747. Joseph and the younger Thomas have not appeared in separate form since the books of *Wool* and *Mant* at the beginning of the nineteenth century; since 1822, Joseph has not been reprinted, while Thomas the Younger's last presentation was in 1883, along with four other poets, in the second edition of Willmott's volume. A clear case of neglect, rather strange if we think of the excellent pamphlets written on the brothers during the present century and of the biography of Thomas Warton the Younger published in 1916 in the United States.

My chief aim is to give an adequate selection from the poetry of all three; the Introduction, so far from being formal, is a mere note; the Bibliography, nearly complete in sections A and B, is, in accordance with the heading, select, much unimportant material having been rigorously discarded.

E. P.

1 July 1927



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## INTRODUCTION

### A GLANCE AT THE WARTONS

THE brothers Warton are best known for their criticism, the father for his paternity. But if the poetry of the brothers is rather too imitative, its historical importance is great and its intrinsic charm considerable, and if the verse of the father has been almost completely overshadowed by that of the sons, it yet deserves much more attention than has been paid to it. It is no exaggeration to say that never, until 1917, was the father adequately noticed.

Thomas Warton the Elder (1688–1745) published little verse, and his lyricism was almost unknown before 1747, when Joseph issued the *Poems on Several Occasions* with the name, style, and titles of the author and the filially-cautious motto, *nec lusisse pudet*. In addition to lyrics and epigrams, the volume contains a tell-tale *Ode to Taste* and such interesting experiments as an imitation of Spenser written in 1706, the *Song of Judith* paraphrased from the Apocrypha, several paraphrases from the Psalms, and a Chaucerian paraphrase from Leviticus. The Classical element is large, for Warton favours us with the translation of a chorus from *Hecuba*, numerous imitations of Horace, a Latin ode celebrating Glover's *Leonidas*, and two other Latin poems. The tentative lyric note suggests

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a conflict between independence and convention; the cry was genuine, the voice none too strong and somewhat woodenly trained; a personality breaks occasionally from its shackles.

The earliest poem is that *To Mr. Addison*, composed in its author's seventeenth year. 'The evidence', says Professor Bishop, 'indicates that most of these poems were written before Warton went to Basingstoke. Of eleven indicating either by allusion or title the time of composition, nine belong to his Oxford residence [1718–1728].' If we consider that the *Farewell to Poetry* was written on his departure from Oxford and that he was increasingly busy after this time, we may suppose that he seldom turned to poetry after 1728. That early date renders him a significant figure in the history of Romanticism: the paucity of pre-1728 verse Romantic even in tendency need not be laboured here.

At Oxford, Warton was known chiefly for his Stuart sympathies, which drew on him the scorn of the satirical Amhurst; he had, too, some small fame for his satires and epigrams, of which the most pointed have been omitted by the circumspect Joseph. From the volume of 1747, we can at least say that he was a better satirist than either of his sons. To us, however, much of his importance lies in the influence that he exercised over some five poets. When Johnson wrote:

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Let observation with extensive view  
Survey mankind from China to Peru,

he can hardly have been ignorant of Warton's lines:

All human race from China to Peru,  
Pleasure, how'er disguised by art, pursue.<sup>1</sup>

Gray, in his Runic Odes, almost certainly owed something to the older man's two brief poems on Regner Ladbrog, which are themselves described as 'Runic': the form is the same, the tone suspiciously similar; Warton's second Runic Ode deals with 'Odin's hall'; moreover, Warton has dipped into a little-known book. These two odes afford one more proof that 'the Father of the Wartons' was not averse from leaving the beaten track. As he anticipates Gray, so in the third and fourth of the *Stanzas on the Psalms* he strikingly forestalls Christopher Smart's *Song to David*.

The remaining two poets on whom he left his mark were his sons. In *Verses on . . . the Abbey-Lands*, stanza 2, and in *An Ode . . . Ludlow's Cave*, stanza 5, he would seem to have influenced Thomas in the *Pleasures of Melancholy*, while some of his Nature-poems bear a close resemblance in tone and atmosphere to those of the brothers, more especially Joseph. They, however, possessed a better and more poetic style and a more truly poetic spirit, as well as a more sympathetic appreciation of Nature. Thomas Warton the

<sup>1</sup> I owe this comparison to Professor Bishop.

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Elder lacked somewhat in variety of technique (we see this above all in his alliteration), while a certain characteristic of the eighteenth century makes us smile when we read such a line as 'While mourning vegetables please the eye'. Nevertheless, his poetry can be read with pleasure for its intrinsic worth as well as for its historical significance.

From 1822, when the last of the Collections of *British Poets* appeared, until 1893, when Professor Phelps did something to reinstate him, Joseph Warton as a poet was pretty thoroughly neglected. Born in 1722, he passed most of his adult years as an assistant and then head master of Winchester. As a writer, he attracted attention chiefly as a critic and a translator. Even in 1872 Mark Pattison<sup>1</sup> could say: 'Though Warton's *Popewas* published in 1797, and though it has been superseded in the market, it has never yet been improved upon'; the same scholar, having spoken of Joseph's reading, tendencies, and methods, remarked: 'With this rare combination of just principles of criticism to guide him, poetical sensibility, classical correctness, a wide range of literature, ancient and modern, and a fair acquaintance with the personal history of the previous generation of our writers, Joseph Warton was well equipped to be the editor of

<sup>1</sup> *Essays*, ed. by H. Nettleship, 2 vols., 1889, at ii. 373; next quotation, ii. 372.

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Pope.' But his *Essay on Pope* subjected him to a fierce attack from the irritable Stockdale,<sup>1</sup> whose *Enquiry into the Nature and Laws of Poetry* forms a flimsy excuse for defending Pope at the expense of his critic. Stockdale is so personal as to be amusing; for example, we come on words like these: 'Dr. Warton was intended by nature for a diligent and reputable Schoolmaster, or for a faithful warden of a college; not for a poet, nor for a liberal and spirited Critic. His moderate abilities', &c., &c. Joseph is one 'whose taste is vitiated and whose head is confused with too much learning'. Lord Woodhouselee<sup>2</sup> was more urbane when he (the famous essayist on Translation), in a letter of Jan. 10, 1804, compared Joseph's version of Virgil's *Eclogues* with that by Dryden and that by Beattie: 'Of the three rival translations, I think Dr. Warton's the most faithful to the sense of the original, the least faulty, and in general, though not always, the most poetical.'

And, in despite of John Dennis's exaggerated outburst<sup>3</sup> in 1874, Joseph Warton's poetry deserves to be remembered. An eminent American scholar has claimed that he was the first Romantic with a programme, 'perhaps the first *consciously* Romantic in the eighteenth century'. He wrote little verse, and

<sup>1</sup> Percival Stockdale, *An Enquiry*, 1778.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Wm. Forbes, *Life of James Beattie*, 1807, at p. 521.

<sup>3</sup> *The Cornhill*, vol. xxx, 'The Wartons'.

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that little mostly in the seventeen-forties. Many of us have laughed at that passage in one of Gray's letters<sup>1</sup> which runs thus: 'Have you seen the works of two young authors, a Mr. Warton [J.W.] and a Mr. Collins . . . ? It is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. . . . They both deserve to last some years, but will not.' Although Joseph wrote an *Ode to Evening* which should be compared with that by Collins and which, in its opening stanza, anticipates the beginning of Gray's *Elegy*; although he was one of the many poets of the time to celebrate Solitude in an ode; although he composed an exquisite trifle founded on the Shakespearian words, 'If music be the food of love, play on':—yet he is intrinsically at his best and historically most significant in *The Enthusiast* and the *Ode to Fancy*. Of the former, written in 1740 and published first in 1744, Sir Edmund Gosse has said: 'Here, for the first time, we find unwaveringly emphasized . . . what was entirely new in literature, the essence of romantic hysteria. *The Enthusiast* is the earliest expression of complete revolt against the classical attitude.'

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of Thomas Gray*, ed. by D. C. Tovey, 3 vols., 1900–1912; letter of 27 Dec. 1746.

## A GLANCE AT THE WARTONS

Joseph Warton was a genial, pleasant man, and a great favourite with ‘the Blues’, who speak of him (with a smile, perhaps) as ‘the enthusiast’. This head master, of whom John Hoadly, the dramatist, remarked<sup>1</sup> in 1772, ‘Joe loves holidays as well as any of his boys’, received from Fanny Burney<sup>2</sup> this tribute in 1778, when she refers to ‘a set party’ thus: ‘Dr. Warton of Winchester, a very pleasing man. His brother, Mr. Tom Warton, the greatest clod I ever saw, and so vulgar a figure with his clunch wig that I took him for a shoemaker at first.’

Not the best of introductions to ‘honest Tom’! But the scholar who, in 1754, became Professor of Poetry at Oxford on his merits and at the youthful age of twenty-six or so, will survive all the hard knocks that were given him, quite rightly for the most part, on account of his inattention to dress and the finer points of deportment; he did not improve one whit when he was made Poet Laureate in 1785. His slovenliness and his apparent laziness (for actually he worked with patient and sagacious industry), his regard for good fellowship, and his love of ease and ale, all these characteristics may be connected with, several may be attributed to, his boyishness: and,

<sup>1</sup> See the *Private Correspondence of David Garrick*, 2 vols., 1831–2, in letter of 28 May.

<sup>2</sup> *The Early Diary of Frances Burney*, 2 vols., 1889, at ii. 301.

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in the words of Robert Southey, 'it is delightful to hear how all Wykehamists speak of this happy-natured man, who carried with him a boy's heart to the grave'. On Thomas Warton's pranks at Winchester with his brother's pupils one could write an amusing paper.

As a critic, he has a most honourable reputation, for he ranks next to Johnson in the eighteenth century; far more academic, he has 'worn' much worse than Johnson. But if the Doctor did far more than Warton for the permanent improvement of criticism, Tom Warton did far more than the Doctor for the study of English poetry. His fame may perhaps be gauged from such a remark as this of Anna Seward<sup>1</sup> in 1786: 'He is undoubtedly the first public critic of this age.' The position that he had established with his book on Spenser he consolidated by critical editions and by the great History, on which he had been engaged at least twelve years<sup>2</sup> before the appearance of the first volume. In the wake of Leigh Hunt, Austin Dobson recognizes his edition of Milton's early poems as the perfection of 'the old, learned, leisurely comment' on a writer and his work. And T. J. Mathias,<sup>3</sup> who was extremely difficult to please,

<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, 6 vols., 1811; letter of 4 Oct.

<sup>2</sup> See F. Kilvert, *Memoirs of Richard Hurd*, 1860, Hurd's letter of 3 Dec. 1762.

<sup>3</sup> *Pursuits of Literature* (1794-7), 16th ed., p. 101, note 88.

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went so far as to say: 'I always regret the loss of Thomas Warton; in his various writings he is amusing, instructive, pleasant, learned, and poetical. I never received information more agreeably from any modern writer than from Mr. Warton.'

But he attracted attention first as a poet; he was only seventeen when he wrote the *Pleasures of Melancholy*. That poem owes much both to Milton, echoes of whom recur throughout his verse, and to the recent poems of Young and Blair. His satires and humorous pieces have no little merit, yet many of his odes are stiff and several of the official odes distinctly boring.

But the *Pleasures*, the sonnets, several narrative poems, and the *Ode on Sir J. Reynolds's Painted Window* have not only considerable historical interest but much charm; the basis of his poetry is lyrical. He was a lover of Nature, as we see by such poems as *The Hamlet* and the *Ode on the First of April*; his attitude resembles that of Gray, whom he admired and addressed in the words:

For many a raptured thought and vision wild,  
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

He had much to do with the reinstatement of the sonnet; in fact, his work in this kind (praised by Lamb and Hazlitt) will bear comparison with that of any sonneteer before Thomas Russell, whom he notably influenced; Coleridge thought highly of War-

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ton's sonnets, but 'regarded them rather as masterly likenesses of the Greek [epigrams] than sonnets in the strictest sense'. It is amusing to note that a critic<sup>1</sup> in 1808, after stressing Warton's debt to Milton, praises the 'feeling, taste, and poetic fancy' of these nine sonnets and proceeds to declare that their greatest faults are 'quaintness and originality'. Conflict between originality and Classicism adds to the merit of what is perhaps Warton's best poem of any length, theodeon *Sir J. Reynolds's Painted Window*. This fusion of the old and the new theories of art and literature may be examined also in the *Pastoral in the Manner of Spenser. From Theocritus. Idyll XX.*

The father was a poet of the dawn; the sons, of the early light: all bore the marks of a period of transition, but it was Joseph and his younger brother who acted energetically as pioneers<sup>2</sup> through their expression of joy in solitude, their extension of human interest, their precise description of Nature, their antagonism to a 'mechanical' view of literature, and their vivid plea for the rights as well as the pleasures of imagination.

ERIC PARTRIDGE

21 June 1927.

<sup>1</sup> *The Cabinet*, April 1808, W. M. T.'s article on the sonnets of Thomas Warton, Mason, and Bowles.

<sup>2</sup> I draw most of these 'titles of honour' from Sir Edmund Gosse's pamphlet on the brothers.

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#### II. JOSEPH WARTON.

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Along with a poem by Wm. Collins and another by a fellow Wykehamist named Tömkyns.

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(J. W. prepared two volumes of an edition of Dryden, but death prevented the completion of this task; his notes, however, were incorporated into the edition of Dryden's *Poetical Works* published in 1811.)

Two of his poems figure in Thomas Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets*, 7 vols., 1819, vol. 7. (Both Southey and Campbell give brief notices of J. W., as of T. W.)

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## C. REVIEWS AND ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS

I. *Before 1800.* The number is almost legion, and to give a full list were a work of the most futile supererogation. The best and most frequent notices occur in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Critical Review*, *The London Review*, *The Scots Magazine*, while the *Annual Register* often proves useful. As an example, let us take *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which is well indexed :

T. Warton the Elder, vols. 50, 70, 76; for his wife, vols. 60, 70.  
J. W., vols. 26, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 70, 73, 76, 88.  
T. W. the Younger, vols. 21, 44, 48, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 60, 62, 63, 64, 67, 68, 70, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 79, 80; ii. 10.

### II. *After 1800.* i. THE BROTHERS WARTON.

*The Literary Journal*, 1803, at i. 601, 'Wartoniana'.

*The Cornhill*, Oct. 1874, J. D.: 'The Wartons'. John Dennis republished this essay in *Studies in English Literature*, 1876; J. D. considers them much better critics than poets, T. W. a better poet than J. W.

### ii. JOSEPH WARTON.

*The London Magazine*, March 1822, 'Joseph Warton'.

*The Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1825, an anon. article on 'Pope's Works and Character'; vol. 32, pp. 275–6, 292, 303 are useful for J. W.

### iii. THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER.

*The Edinburgh Review*, April 1803, a long impartial review of Mant's book (of this, as of Wooll: many notices).

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*The Cabinet*, April 1808, W. M. T.: 'The Sonnets of Thomas Warton . . . Bowles and Mason'.

*The London Magazine*, 1821, vol. 4, 'Continuation of Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets. No. 1, Thomas Warton'.

*Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1831, p. 483, Christopher North: 'An Hour's Talk about Poetry'. (I owe this to Mr. Doughty.)

*Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept. 1835, an anon. article on Spenser; at (vol. 36) pp. 412-44 we find some noteworthy remarks on T.W.

*Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1838, an anon. 'Glance over the Poetry of Thomas Warton', rich in quotation and, all in all, very favourable to T.W.

*The Eclectic Review*, Nov. 1841, at pp. 573-4, praise of T.W. as a critic and esp. as a sonneteer.

*The Cornhill*, 1865 (vol. 11), H. B. Lee: 'Thomas Warton'.

*The English Historical Review*, vol. 11, H. E. D. Blakiston: 'Thomas Warton and Machyn's Diary'.

*University of California Publications in Modern Philology*, 1911, H. E. Cory: 'The Critics of Edmund Spenser'.

*Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, 1915, C. Rinaker: 'Thomas Warton and the Historical Method in Literary Criticism'.

*Modern Language Notes*, 1921, E. Laisy on the indebtedness of John Turnbull's *Progress of Dulness* to T.W.'s *Progress of Discontent*.

## D. SECTIONS ON, AND ALLUSIONS TO, IN CRITICAL WORKS

(Here the selection is necessarily limited, but I have given many of the more important *loci*.)

### I. THE THREE WARTONS.

W. L. Phelps: *Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, 1893. *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Very little on T. W. the Elder.

H. A. Beers: *English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, 1898.

W. J. Courthope: *History of English Poetry*, 6 vols., 1895–1910, vol. 5; extremely cursory reference to T. W. the Elder.

G. Saintsbury: *History of Criticism*, 3 vols., 1900–4. Very brief on the father.

*The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. x, ch. 10; W. P. Ker treats of the three for their contribution to interest in Middle Ages, but says very little about their verse.

R. D. Havens: *The Influence of Milton in English Poetry*, 1922; excellent for their general as for their Miltonic qualities, as well as for T. W.'s influence on the sonnet.

O. Doughty: *English Lyric in the Age of Reason*, 1922; Mr. Doughty is perhaps the earliest English critic to give T. W. the Elder 'a fair hearing'.

Legouis and Cazamian: *Histoire de la littérature anglaise*, 1924. Cursory on their verse.

L. Magnus: *A Dictionary of European Literature*, 1926.

### II. THOMAS WARTON THE ELDER.

Criticisms of this writer individually are rare; even Southey: *Specimens*, 3 vols., 1807,—T. Campbell: *Specimens*, 7 vols., 1819,—Gilfillan: *Less-Known British Poets*, 3 vols., 1860, say extremely little about him.

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H. Cary: *Lives of the British Poets*, 1846.  
*Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*, 1902 (Oxford).

### III. THE BROTHERS WARTON.

Nathan Drake: *Essays*, 2 vols., 1809–10. J.W. at ii. 112–51;  
T.W. ii. 166–219.

(There are brief notices in the collections of Park, Chalmers,  
Sanford and Whittingham; in the selections of Southey and  
Campbell.)

J. Devey: *A Comparative Estimate of Modern English Poets*, 1873;  
p. 62, deprecatory of both.

E. Gosse \* : *Eighteenth Century Literature*, 1889.

T. Seccombe \* : *The Age of Johnson*, 1900.

Oliver Elton: *A Survey of English Literature*, 1780–1830, 2 vols.,  
1912.

Amy Reed: *The Background of Gray's Elegy*, 1924. Useful for  
their melancholy verse.

Eric Partridge: *Eighteenth-Century English Romantic Poetry*, 1924  
(M. Champion, Paris).

### IV. JOSEPH WARTON.

S. Egerton Brydges: *Censura Literaria*, 10 vols., 1805–9. In vol. 3  
we find a ‘Sketch of the Life and Character of Dr. Joseph  
Warton, with an account of Mr. Wool’s Memoirs’; at iii.  
185 is a reference to T.W. the Elder.

*Original Letters*, ed. by R. Warner, 1817; the editor, having  
spoken of ‘the taste and discrimination of Dr. Joseph Warton’,  
cites his opinion on Pope’s position among the poets, as much  
as to say: ‘That settles the matter.’

\* See also their *Illustrated Histories of English Literature*, written by  
each of them with a collaborator.

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Hartley Coleridge: *Essays and Marginalia*, 2 vols., 1852. At ii. 101–2 H. C. throws scorn on J. W.'s appreciation of Pindar in the ode on West's *Pindar*.

G. Gilfillan: *The Less-Known British Poets*, 3 vols., 1860, at iii. 331.

Mark Pattison: *Essays*, ed. by H. Nettleship, 2 vols., 1889. In vol. 2, 'Pope and his Editors'; pp. 368–73 on J. W., whom Pattison praises highly for his general criticism and his critical editorship.

### V. THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER.

G. Gilfillan: *The Poetical Works of Gray, Collins and Warton*, n.d. (1854). A notice of 10 pages.

R. A. Willmott: *The Poems of Gray, Parnell, Collins, Green and T. Warton*, 1854. A short prefatory sketch, sympathetic and very readable.

W. Austin and J. Ralph: *Lives of the Poets-Laureate*, 1853.

*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*,<sup>1</sup> newly ed. by R. Ingpen, 2 vols., 1903. At i. 121.

Sir John Sandys: *History of Classical Scholarship*, 3 vols., 1908. At ii. 418 a ref. to T. W.'s urbanity as a critic and editor of the Classics.

J. Churton Collins: *Greek Influence on English Poetry*, 1910. An allusion, at p. 59, to T. W.'s share in the Greek renascence in England dating from about 1740.

Crane Brinton: *Political Ideas of the English Romanticists*, 1926. p. 12.

<sup>1</sup> The reference is given here because it is genuine criticism.

## E. NOTEWORTHY REFERENCES IN BIOGRAPHIES, MEMOIRS, AND LETTERS

### I. THE THREE WARTONS.

*Oratio Crewiana*, 1800. Especially for T. W. the Younger.

John Nichols: *Literary Anecdotes*, 1812–15. Very brief on the father, valuable for both sons.

E. R. Wharton's MS. history of the Warton and Wharton families; in the Bodleian.

### II. THOMAS WARTON THE ELDER.

N. Amhurst: *Terrae Filius*, 1726. Papers 10, 15, 16, 26, also at pp. 211, 286; a bitter attack on 'squinting Tom of Maudlin', chiefly on account of his Stuart sympathies.

E. Phipps: *R. Plumer Ward*, 2 vols., 1850, at ii. 436–8. Appreciative of W.'s poetry.

### III. THE BROTHERS WARTON.

Boswell's *Johnson*, 1791, and cf. Johnson's letters. Numerous refs., several letters, to both of the brothers, whom J. esteemed.

T. J. Mathias: *Pursuits of Literature*, 1794–7. Joseph is virulently attacked, Thomas warmly eulogized.

Sir Wm. Forbes: *Life of James Beattie*, 1807; at p. 351, Scott of Amwell praises T. W.'s 'very good and decisive pamphlet' on the Rowley question; at p. 494, Beattie blames J. W. for preserving 'all Pope's obscenities' in his edition of Pope's works.

Thomas Green: *The Diary of a Lover of Literature*, 1810. Green attacks J.W.'s edition of, but admires his essay on, Pope; he speaks at some length of T.W.'s edition of Milton's 'juvenile' poems.

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J. Boswell the Younger: *A Biographical Memoir of Edmond Malone*, 1814 (not published). At p. 16 we learn of the brothers' warm regard for Malone.

John Nichols: *Illustrations of Literature*, 1817–58. Valuable for both.

*Private Correspondence of David Garrick*, 2 vols., 1831–2. At i. 355, 366–7, letters from the brothers to Garrick; in letter of 28 May 1772 John Hoadly speaks to Garrick of the brothers as 'the men you love'; on 10 Jan. 1773 Hoadly mentions J. W.'s difficulties as head master.

W. Roberts: *Memoirs of Hannah More*, 4 vols., 1834. At i. 262, T. W. as an Oxford notability; i. 341, J. W.'s 'sweet little poem', *The Enthusiast*; at i. 404 and ii. 133–4, refs. to J. W. as 'the delightful enthusiast'; ii. 120, Hannah More calls J. W. 'my pleasant friend'.

J. B. Harford: *Life of Thomas Burgess*, 1840, at pp. 7–8 for T. W.; at pp. 4–6, 12–13, 108, 132–3 for J. W.

Horace Walpole: *Letters*, ed. by the Paget Toynbees, 19 vols., 1903–25. Several refs. to Joseph, many to Thomas.

*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, ed. by A. Dobson, 6 vols., 1904–5. Half a dozen passages concerning each of the brothers. (*Cf.* the *Early Diary*, 2 vols., 1889.)

Ralph Straus: *Robert Dodsley*, 1910. Both frequently mentioned, esp. Joseph, who became one of Dodsley's closest friends.

R. Blunt: *Mrs. Montagu . . . 1762–1800*, 2 vols., 1923. At i. 224 we hear that Mrs. M.'s book on Shakespeare was supposed by Reynolds to be written by J. W.; at ii. 32, she admires Winchester and likes the boys at the school, which, as we know from other sources, was slackly managed; on 29 April 1778 she finds T. W.'s great *History* 'very entertaining'; at ii. 118, she speaks very highly of J. W.'s second volume on Pope. On 24 April 1782 Hannah More says that J. W. still

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possesses all ‘that delightful enthusiasm which makes him so singularly pleasant’, and says that he has been somewhat imprudently enjoying the pleasures of the country-side.

*Letters of James Boswell*, ed. by C. B. Tinker, 2 vols., 1924.  
Useful for both.

*Mary Hamilton. Letters and Diaries, 1756 to 1816*, ed. by E. and F. Anson, 1925. J.W. at p. 162 and, a pleasant tribute to him as a poet, 261; T.W. at 261 and, a compliment to him as a cicerone at Oxford, 290.

### IV. JOSEPH WARTON.

*Select Letters*, ed. by Thos. Hull, 2 vols., 1778. At i. 230, praise of Joseph's *Ode to Fancy*.

*The Correspondence of Samuel Richardson*, 6 vols., 1804. At iii. 136, Richardson, writing in 1756, describes the essay on Pope as ‘an amusing piece of chit-chat’.

*Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Wakefield, by Himself*, 2nd ed. (enlarged), 1804. At ii. 41, competition between Wakefield and J.W. in editing Pope; at ii. 441, Dr. Parr praises J.W.'s critical ability.

Hester Chapone : *Posthumous Works*, 2 vols., 1807. At i. 189, Mrs. Chapone sympathetically alludes to J.W.'s victimization by Mathias.

P. Stockdale: *Memoirs*, 2 vols., 1908. At ii. 116–22, S. speaks of his ‘refutation’ of J.W. in the matter of Pope and calls him ‘a scholastic and presumptuous critic’; alluding to his work with complacent egoism, S. cites the approval both of Burke (who yet wished that he had been ‘more sparing’ of J.W.) and of Johnson (who made the same reservation); later, however, Johnson stood by J.W. in preference to S., since the former was an older friend (ii. 124–5).

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Joseph Spence: *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1820. At Preface, ix, a reference to S.'s friendship with J.W., who heard from him many of the anecdotes about Pope.

*Memoirs of William Hayley*, 2 vols., 1823. At i. 321, Hayley mentions J.W. as 'the pleasant friendly critic of Winchester'.

Sir James Prior: *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, 2 vols., 1837. At ii. 210–11, an allusion to Stockdale's vindication of Pope against J. W.

Berens: *Memoir of Bishop Mant*, 1849. At pp. 9–10 for J. W.  
*Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry*, 3 vols., 1865. At ii. 87.

### V. THOMAS WARTON THE YOUNGER.

Wm. Warburton: *Letters to One of his Friends*, 1809. At p. 250, praise of the *Observations on Spenser*.

*Letters of Anna Seward*, 6 vols., 1811. Numerous refs. to T. W.: eulogistic of his criticism, appreciative of his poetry.

*Letters from Mrs. Elizabeth Carter to Mrs. Montagu*, 3 vols., 1817. At ii. 284, Mrs. Carter, in letter of 8 Oct. 1774, states her admiration of T. W.'s criticisms.

*Letters of Joseph Ritson*, 2 vols., 1833. In the *Memoir*, Sir Harris Nicolas, at pp. xvii–xix, xxiii, admits T. W.'s merit, but vigorously defends Ritson in the matter of his pamphlet against T. W.; at ii. 113, Ritson, in 1796, has a very good word to say for *The Triumph of Isis*.

H. Twiss: *Life of Lord Eldon*, 3 vols., 1844; at iii. 302, E. tells us that, at the beginning of term, T. W., who was a tutor at Trinity, used to send round to see if the students wished to attend lectures.

J. H. Burton: *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, 2 vols., 1846. At ii. 51, Hume, in 1759, says that T. W. once intended to write an 'Age of Leo the Tenth', but soon abandoned the idea; cf. Sir John Sandys in his *History of Classical Scholarship*, vol. 2, 1908.

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Hartley Coleridge: *Lives of Northern Worthies*, 3 vols., 1852. At ii. 264 for T. W.

F. Kilvert: *Memoirs of Richard Hurd*, 1860. At p. 89, an interesting verdict on T. W.'s character and criticism; at p. 119, he is called 'honest Tom', which seems to have been his nickname.

A. H. Huth: *Thomas Henry Buckle*, 1880. At i. 91.

A. A. Watts: *Alaric Watts*, 2 vols., 1884. At i. 5 comes one of the earliest references to T. W.'s share in the rise of Romanticism.

*Letters of Thomas Gray*, ed. by D. C. Tovey, 3 vols., 1900-12.

Gray, on 15 April 1770, sends to T. W. the plan of a history of English poetry and compliments him on his talents, taste, and industry. As a matter of fact, Gray was rather slow in doing what a mutual friend had suggested many years earlier.

*Correspondence of William Cowper*, 4 vols., 1904. At iv. 132.

J. T. Smith: *A Book for a Rainy Day*, new ed. by W. Whitten, 1905. Reference to T. W. as 'the glorious Sun of Trinity', a phrase used of him just after his death.



POEMS BY  
THOMAS WARTON  
THE ELDER



RETIREMENT: AN ODE

*On beds of daisies idly laid,  
The willow waving o'er my head,  
Now morning on the bending stem,  
Hangs the round and glittering gem,  
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,  
Of Nature's various charms I sing:  
Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu!  
For what has Joy to do with you?*

*Joy, rose-lipt dryad, loves to dwell  
In sunny field or mossy cell,  
Delights on echoing hills to hear  
The reaper's song or lowing steer;  
Or view with tenfold plenty spread  
The crowded cornfield, blooming mead;  
While beauty, health, and innocence  
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.*

*Not fresco'd roofs, not beds of state,  
Not guards that round a monarch wait,  
Not crowds of flatterers can scare  
From loftiest courts intruding care:  
Midst odours, splendours, banquets, wine,  
While minstrels sound, while tapers shine,  
In sable stole sad Care will come  
And darken the gay drawing-room.*

*Nymphs of the groves, in green array'd,  
Conduct me to your thickest shade,  
Deep in the bosom of the vale,  
Where haunts the lonesome nightingale;  
Where Contemplation, maid divine,  
Leans against some aged pine,  
Wrapt in stedfast thought profound,  
Her eyes fixt stedfast on the ground.*

*O Virtue's nurse! retired Queen,  
By saints alone and hermits seen,  
Beyond vain mortals' wishes wise,  
Teach me St. James's to despise;  
For what are courts, but schools  
For fops, or hospitals for fools?  
Where slaves and madmen, young and old,  
Meet to adore some Calf of Gold.*

TO A CERTAIN VOLUMINOUS SCRIBBLER

*Forbear the public to abuse  
With treatise after treatise;  
Remember how poor Blackmore's Muse  
Died of a diabetes.*

## AN INVOCATION TO A WATER-NYMPH

*Fair pearl-crown'd Nymph, whose gushing torrent laves  
This marble rock with hollow-tinkling waves;  
Who wont'st in secret solitude to dwell  
On coral beds beneath thy sapphire cell;  
Whose virgin-pow'r can break the magic charm,  
Whose look the black enchanter's hand disarm;  
Whom swains in neighb'ring vales to sing delight,  
Kind guardian of their flocks from blasting sprite;  
Permit me, Goddess, from thy silver lake,  
With cooling draught my glowing thirst to slake!  
So, when thou bath'st, may no rude satyr's eye,  
From some deep brake thy naked beauties spy:  
May no chill blast the ivied oak invade,  
That o'er thy cavern waves his solemn shade.*

*Stanza from*

AN ELEGY ON AN INFANT

*Bring then meek daisies and the primrose pale,  
The snow-clad lily of the velvet vale,  
The purple violet's bell empearl'd with dew,  
Cropt at cold ev'ning, fit on graves to strew:  
Be here no gaudy pink or pansy gay,  
No rose, the pride of Venus and of May;  
No full carnation, deck'd with thousand dyes,  
Like that embroider'd bow that copes the skies;  
These may fair Myra at her bosom wear,  
Or mix them fragrant in her flowing hair:  
No such approach this sadly-solemn scene,  
Or spotted gold, or blended blue with green.*

ASTROPHIL TO HIS SON, AGED SEVEN MONTHS

*O thou! with whom I fondly share  
My faithful Stella's love and care,  
To thee 'tis giv'n to tumble o'er  
Thy absent sire's poetic store  
(With eager hands these lines to seize  
And tear or lose 'em, as you please),  
Thou too from pedantry art free,  
And I can safely sing to thee.*

*What tho' thy age no skill can boast,  
In one small round of follies lost;  
Yet ev'n thy toys and tears and strife  
Act all the world in little life.  
Alike man aims at all he can,  
And imitation teaches man:  
But then has man his playthings too?  
Yes, sure: Amusements all allow,  
And are more serious fools than thou.  
We differ, only in th' intent  
As idle—but less innocent.*

*Stanza from*  
ON MAY MORNING

*But the light herd of well-bred dames disdain  
The calmer pleasures of the painted plain;  
Gay Flavia hates a mead and purling rill  
More than a church, small-pox, or mercer's bill;  
'For who', she cries, 'a London-life would change,  
Pensive in solitary woods to range;  
To walk without a beau in some lone vale,  
Nor Handel hear, but the sad nightingale;  
Or sit at solemn whist by gloomy fires,  
With awkward parsons, justices, and squires?'*

## VERSES

on Henry the Eighth's seizing the Abbey Lands,  
and on Queen Anne's Augmentation of Livings.

*There liv'd a race to good Charissa dear,  
Who rais'd a thousand domes devote to pray'r;  
A thousand matin choirs with white array'd,  
In tuneful tributes all their vows convey'd;  
Then Charity was wont her isle to love,  
And oft for this, to change the realms above:  
But when she hapless found fierce Rage begin,  
Where Force reform'd but by a pious sin,  
When arm'd Devotion woul'd the priest expel,  
And royal Sacrilege was christen'd zeal,  
She view'd, she mourn'd, she fled her rifled isle,  
While ravenous Henry gave a loose to spoil.*

*And now where Towers stretch'd far their taper shade,  
Where hallow'd walls religious pomp display'd,  
The solitary traveller stares around,  
Oft halts, oft deems he hears some screaming sound,  
And treads with trembling knees the consecrated ground.  
For oft o'er graves the shepherd tends his herd,  
And points where saints and martyrs lay interr'd,  
Here in still deep of night are peasants scar'd,  
When the tall ghosts stalk slow with steps unheard,  
When moaning cries the lonesome ruins fill,  
So pitiful they howl! and shriek so hollow shrill!*

*These dismal yells the shepherds shiv'ring hear,  
And feign bold talk to chase the freezing fear;  
But when the nod of some much-injur'd shade  
Sadly invites them with his beck'ning head,  
They fly. They wonder at their speed unknown,  
Glad that they shun the sprite,—yet hast'ning on,  
Oft look behind to view the sprite they shun.  
Where holy pilgrims wont to kneel and pray,  
Now browsing goats and lowing oxen stray,  
O'er mould'ring pillars creeps the blushing vine,  
And leafy fig invests each solemn shrine,  
O'er venerable virgins' sculptur'd heads  
Nods horrid thorn and darksome elder spreads,  
And with close foliage o'er the pictur'd walls,  
Time's favourite plant the mournful ivy crawls;  
Warning the cock, no more the midnight bell  
Call'd the pale sisters from the silent cell,  
Whose lamps to bless benighted wand'rers' sight,  
Cast thro' thick windows a dim doubtful light.  
Religion wept: To fill fair Albion's throne,  
Till gracious Heav'n sent bounteous Anna down;  
Alike for mercy and for war renown'd,  
She rais'd the drooping priesthood from the ground;  
Stoop'd from her throne to hear each mournful sigh,  
With thunder in her hand, but pity in her eye;  
Queen of th' afflicted! form'd by Heav'n to melt  
At every woe distressful Virtue felt:*

*Thy name shall last with freshest laurels crown'd,  
As long as thy Churchill's sword shall be renown'd;  
Till Danube cease to tremble at thy name,  
Forgetful of the blood that stain'd his fearful stream.*

AGAINST DRESS. TO A LADY

*Why will Neæra fondly deck  
With pearly rows her polish'd neck;  
Why with the feathery tippet hide  
Her swelling bosom's spotless pride?  
With genuine beauties, all your own,  
You need not borrow Venus' zone.*

*Whence all this fashionable care  
To curl that lovely length of hair,  
Which Nature meant should flow profuse  
In ringlets beautifully loose?  
The studied fopperies of Art  
No real elegance impart.*

*Mark, fair One, in its native bed  
How blooms the cowslip's velvet head;  
What luscious clusters load the vines,  
Whose growth no skilful hand confines;  
How sweet the lark and nightingale  
Untaught and artless charm the vale.*

## ON WOMEN

*Three talents to the fair belong,  
Beauty, cunning, and a tongue;  
By which men lose these other three,  
Reason, time, and liberty:  
Great is th' advantage when their pow'r they try,  
In killing those who still desire to die.*

*What triple panoply, my friend,  
Can beauty's darts from souls defend?  
Tho' sullen Satan never lov'd,  
Yet this unlucky truth he prov'd,  
That man by woman might be manag'd best,  
He ruin'd Eve, so left to her the rest.*

*Yet, partial muse, forbear to blame  
The fair for this increasing flame;  
Each lover is their easy prey,  
And those who will be captives may:  
The loss is sure that with desire is sought,  
We know the snare, yet labour to be caught.*

*No wonder then old Mico's breast  
At sixty-five is still possest;  
Cupid in time grows past control,  
Enthron'd within our inmost soul;  
For love's a charm that ne'er can be undone,  
While thus th' enchanted rashly help it on.*

## AN ODE

Written in a Grotto near Farnham in Surrey,  
call'd Ludlow's Cave

*Close in this deep retreat  
O coolly let me sit,  
Shelter'd from the sultry day!*

*Sirius and Sol with burning beams  
So strike the gasping fields below,  
That not an ox is heard to low,  
Or little warbler from his throat  
To pour the sweetly-winding note.*

*The nymphs that keep this circling wood  
And beauteous naiads of the neigh'bring flood,  
With their dew-dropping hair,  
Oft to this cave repair,  
To dance and trip it in a round  
On the smooth and hallow'd ground;  
And say that 'Dian's grot and Thetis' bow'rs  
Must yield in coolness and in shade to ours'.*

*'Twas here, as old traditions tell,  
A wither'd witch was wont to dwell;  
The magic mutterings of whose voice could call  
A thousand demons from their darksome hall,  
Bid haste the wild winds from their northern caves,  
Obscure the moon, and rouse the roaring waves;*

*Here Lud, retiring from fierce battle came,  
And from his helmet quaff'd the cooling stream;  
Leant on his spear, unrein'd his foaming steed,  
To pasture on the green refreshful mead.*

*Here what a solemn silence reigns,  
Save the tinklings of a rill,  
That gushing from the hollow hill,  
Pensive, as it runs, complains.  
But hark! methinks a spirit speaks,  
A voice from the remotest cavern breaks:—  
'From the vain world learn, mortal, to retire,  
With true ambition to Heav'n aspire;  
Grandeur and glory trifling hearts trepan,  
These toys disdain, for virtue makes the man'.*

*Let me therefore ever dwell  
In this twilight, solemn cell;  
For musing Melancholy made,  
Whose entrance venerable oaks o'er shade,  
And whose roof that lowly bends,  
With awful gloom my serious thoughts befriends:  
    Here let me dwell,  
Till Death shall say: 'Thy cavern leave,  
Change it for a darker grave'.*

AN ODE

*To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades,  
To desert prospects, rough and rude,  
With youthful rapture first I ran,  
Enamour'd of sweet Solitude.*

*On beauty next I wond'ring gaz'd,  
Too soon my supple heart was caught;  
An eye, a breast, a lip, a shape,  
Was all I talk'd of, all I thought.*

*Next by the smiling Muses led,  
On Pindus' laurell'd top I dream,  
Talk with old bards, and list'ning hear  
The warbles of th' enchanting stream.*

*Then, Harmony and Picture came  
Twin-nymphs my sense to entertain,  
By turns my eye, my ear was caught,  
With Raphael's stroke and Handel's strain.*

*At last, such various pleasures prov'd,  
All cloying, vain, unmanly found,  
Sweet for a time as morning-dew,  
Yet parents of some painful wound;*

*Humbly I ask'd great Wisdom's aid  
To true delight to lead my feet;  
When thus the Goddess whisp'ring said,  
'Virtue alone is bliss complete'.*

## A FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE

*Shall essenc'd coxcombs who from toilets come,  
Come and squeak nonsense in the drawing-room,  
Sagacious critics of a knot or fan,  
Soft Sporuses, faint images of man,  
All form'd of nature's tend'rest, porcelain stuff,  
Their snowy fingers shelter'd by the muff,  
Heroes for sonnets, but unfit for fights,  
Herds for emasculated Sybarites;  
Shall painted insects, busy buzzing things,  
In armies rise and favours gain from kings?  
While wounded veterans obscurely mourn,  
And S—r sees laurels from his temples torn?*

*O courtly Atticus, my warmth you blame,  
Unconscious of the glowing patriot's flame:  
I feel, I feel its kindling raptures roll,  
From pleasures and from business steal my soul,  
And while it strongly in my bosom beats,  
No more I rove collecting classic sweets,  
Nor warlike Homer's well-fought battles warm,  
Nor fairy forests of wild Spenser charm;  
No more I weep while awful Tragedy  
Like Sophocles array'd comes stalking by  
(Leading ill-fated Oedipus the Blind,  
Or the lame wretch in desert drear confin'd),  
Nor in mild Maro's groves and grots rejoice,  
Nor Doric Shepherd's sweetly-simple voice,*

*No more convey'd by Pindar's rapid song,  
I see great Theron's car victorious whirl along,  
Nor crown'd with grapes with gay Anacreon laid  
Beneath a plantane praise some beauteous maid,  
But oft resounding in my trembling ear,  
Me thinks my country's dying groans I hear.*

*Rise, Satire, rise; 'tis sinful to be mute:  
The Muse should whirl a dart, not tune a lute;  
Gigantic Vice, beyond huge Tityus' size,  
Enormous growth! o'er half Britannia lies;  
O let my satire on its vitals feast,  
Like the fierce eagle on that Tityus' breast!*

*Yet oh! what hero Folly can confound?  
The dull lethargic villain feels no wound:  
Culprits, like poisonous adders deaf, we find:  
In Biscay's Bay who chides the raging wind?  
Such callous hearts to no impression yield,  
All-guarded with Corruption's seven-fold shield;  
Unstung by shame, and resolute in ill;  
Vice is a python Phoebus ne'er can kill:  
Heedless of satire, sin persists to reign,  
As curfews bid us leave our fires in vain;  
Poets and setting-dogs one talk employs,  
Each points at knaves or birds, but ne'er destroys;  
What tho' you sweat, complain, and rail and write,  
The mad, luxurious Town sins on for spite.*

*Could Boileau to reform a nation hope?  
A Sodom can't be mended by a Pope.  
To cleanse the Augean stable tho' you toil,  
Still Virtue yields to Heidegger and Hoyle,<sup>1</sup>  
Still Britons (Justice, freedom, conscience sold)  
Own the supreme omnipotence of Gold.*

<sup>1</sup> Author's note : 'The first of these gentlemen was the introducer and manager of masquerades in this kingdom, to the great and irreparable depravation of English morals. And the latter by writing upon the game of whist, in a mathematical and scientifical method (than which nothing could be more pompously absurd), extremely promoted the destructive practice of gaming.'

## A RUNIC ODE

*Taken from the Second Volume of Sir William Temple's Miscellanies.*

### ARGUMENT

Regner Ladbrog, a king of one of the Northern nations, being mortally stung by a viper, before the venom had reach'd his vitals, broke out into the following verses.

*Yes, 'tis decreed my sword no more  
Shall smoke and blush with hostile gore;  
To my great Father's feasts I go,  
Where luscious wines for ever flow,  
Which from the hollow skulls we drain  
Of kings in furious combat slain.*

*Death, to the brave a blest resort,  
Brings us to awful Odin's court;  
Where with old warriors mix'd we dwell,  
Recount our wounds, our triumphs tell;  
Me, will they own as bold a guest  
As e'er in battle bar'd my breast.*

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME SUBJECT

*At length appears the wish'd-for night,  
When my glad soul shall take her flight;  
Tremble my limbs, my eye-balls start,  
The venom's busy at my heart.  
Hark! how the solemn Sisters call,  
And point aloft to Odin's hall!  
I come, I come, prepare full bowls,  
Fit banquet for heroic souls;  
What's Life?—I scorn this idle breath,  
I smile in the embrace of Death!*

## ODE TO SLEEP<sup>i</sup>

*O gentle, feather-footed Sleep,  
In drowsy dews my temples steep,  
Softly waving o'er my head  
Thy care-beguiling rod of lead:  
O leave thy bed of balmy flow'rs  
And waken all thy dewy pow'rs,  
And wafted on the silent wing,  
The Dreams, thy little people bring!*

*Let sobbing grief and midnight feast,  
Comus and loudly-laughing Jest,  
Never near my couch appear,  
Nor whistling whirlwinds wound my ear,  
In Heaven's avenging anger sent,  
To shake the shatter'd battlement,  
From whence the melancholy owl  
To wake the wolf is wont to howl:*

*But whispering show'rs from off the eaves,  
Softly dripping on the leaves,  
Mix'd with the mildly-stirring wind,  
Shall woo to rest my weary mind;  
Now Silence o'er the midnight ground  
Slowly walks his midnight round,  
In mead or forest, dale or hill,  
Commanding Nature to be still.*

<sup>i</sup> Both of the author's sons wrote an ode on the same theme.

*Kind Somnus, from the lofty dome  
To my low cottage deign to come,  
Leave murd'rous tyrants' silken beds,  
No poppies pour on guilty heads,  
While wailing ghosts their slumbers break,  
That round their trembling curtains shriek,  
While thoughts of many a wretch opprest  
With terror tear the troubled breast.*

*Cramm'd with distressful bread, the hind  
With weary limbs and vacant mind,  
By buzzing night-flies husht, requires  
No lulling sounds from Lydian lyres;  
Rock'd in the high and giddy mast,  
Regardless of the wintry blast,  
How happy the wet sea-boy lies,  
While sweetest slumbers seal his eyes.*

*Such joys the virtuous bosom crown,  
While kings and statesman toss on down:  
Somnus, to me such joys impart,  
Balm of hurt minds, O soothe my heart:  
Lapt in the folds of soft repose,  
We lose our labours, pangs, and woes;  
Thy opiate influence we bless,  
Parent of forgetfulness!*

*Place me, kind God, in lively dream,  
Near smooth Ilissus' winding stream,*

*In olive-shade, with ravisht ear,  
While Plato's voice I seem to hear:  
Or from the green Athenian mead  
To the high Roman forum lead,  
Where Tully's tongue with force divine  
Confounds pale, trembling Catiline.*

## THE GLUTTON

*Fat, pamper'd Porus, eating for renown,  
In soups and sauces melts his manors down;  
Regardless of his heirs, with mortgag'd lands,  
Buys hecatombs of fish and ortolans;  
True judge of merit, most disdainful looks  
On chiefs and patriots when compar'd to cooks;  
With what delight pigs whipt to death he crams,  
Or fatten'd frogs, or essences of hams;  
For fifty thousand tongues of peacocks sighs,  
Mix'd with the brains of birds of paradise;  
Loud ring the glasses, powder'd footmen run,  
He eats, drinks, surfeits, still eats, is undone!  
Sees the swoln Glutton in terrific state,  
Behind his chair what dire diseases wait;  
There tottering gout, and white-tongu'd fever stand,  
Big dropsy, with full goblets in his hand,  
Asthma thick-panting with short gasps of breath,  
And apoplexy, fiercest friend of death.  
Sweeter the lonely hermit's simple food,  
Who in lone caves or near the rushy flood,  
With eager appetite at early hours,  
From maple dish salubrious herbs devours:  
Soft drowsy dews at eve his temples steep,  
And happy dreams attend his easy sleep:  
Wak'd by the thrush to neighbouring vales he goes,  
To mark how sucks the bee, how blooms the rose;*

*What latent juice the trodden herbage yields,  
Wild Nature's physic in the flowery fields.  
With temperance sooth'd each solitary day,  
Free, innocent, and easy, steals away,  
Till age down bends him to the friendly grave,  
No fashion's dupe, no powerful passion's slave.*

## STANZAS ON THE PSALMS

*Not the songs that nobly tell  
How Troy was sackt, and Rome began,  
Not the numbers that reveal  
The wars of Heav'n to falling man;*

*Can boast that true celestial fire,  
That equal strength and ease,  
Or with such various charms conspire  
To move, to teach, to please.*

*Those complaints how sadly sweet,  
Which weeping Seraphim repeat;*

*Those prayers how happily prefer'd  
Which God himself inspir'd and heard.*

*Ye partial wits no longer boast  
Of Pindar's fire in David's lost!*

*Who to the Hebrew harp must yield,  
As Jove by great Jehovah is excell'd.*

LINES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WINDSOR  
CASTLE :

*From beauteous Windsor's high and storied halls,  
Where Edward's chiefs start from the glowing walls,  
To my low cot, from ivory beds of state,  
Pleased I return, unenvious of the great.  
So the bee ranges o'er the varied scenes  
Of corn, of heaths, of fallows, and of greens;  
Pervades the thicket, soars above the hill,  
Or murmurs to the meadow's murmuring rill;  
Now haunts old hollowed oaks, deserted cells,  
Now seeks the low vale-lily's silver bells;  
Sips the warm fragrance of the greenhouse bowers,  
And tastes the myrtle and the citron flowers;—  
At length returning to the wonted comb,  
Prefers to all his little straw-built home.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. this with the Sonnet, 'From Pembroke's princely dome', written by the younger Thomas.

## A FAREWELL TO POETRY

Nunc itaque et versus et cetera ludicra pono,  
Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.  
*Hor.*

*Arcadian scenes, adieu! in Cyrrha's vale  
No more I wander, where with loose-rob'd nymphs  
Pan and Sylvanus play'd, while on their heads  
The laughing hours rain'd roses; while to guide  
Their nimble feet great Phoebus came and touch'd  
His soul-bewitching lyre: no more I sit  
On murmuring Aganippe's mossy brink  
And wait inspiring dreams; nor garlands weave  
Of sweet Parnassian flowers for Clio's head;  
Nor seek the solemn grot where Homer first  
Conceiv'd his mighty scheme; from whence to catch  
One beam swift-darted from his boundless mind.  
My serious soul these woods and walks disdains  
Where my youth rov'd: a loftier task demands  
My sober hours (that on swift pinions haste  
To meet eternity), to purge my breast  
From error's poisons; equally to poise  
The jarring passions; to subdue the thirst  
Of fame and fond ambition; to destroy  
The bitter seeds of envy:—Not to smooth  
The tuneful cadence of a polisht line,  
But harmonize my soul; whence I may hear,  
With raptures hear, the moral melody  
A peaceful conscience yields, beyond the strains*

*Of Attic harp, sweet as the midnight song  
Of warbling seraphs, winged warriors bright,  
To happy, watchful shepherds, on the birth  
Of great Messiah! These be now my cares,  
To leave the muse for virtue; to improve  
The heart, not deck the head with fading crown  
Of useless bays; but chief my soul to steel  
With adamantine honour, to withstand  
Corruption's tides, while courtly millions run  
To the black pagod of all-worshipp'd Vice  
To offer freedom, conscience, body, soul:  
To be tho' single, constant; and to feel  
The bliss of independence;—these are toils  
Worthy a man and Briton,—Who can search  
For tinkling rhymes, when frowning Virtue points  
To swift-wing'd time?—At close of evening cool,  
What hasty pilgrim who long, pathless wilds  
Must traverse ere black night descend, would stop  
And sit beneath the branching beech to hear  
The sweet songs of thick-warbling Philomel,  
Tho' ev'ry moving trill be steep'd in tears?*



POEMS BY  
JOSEPH WARTON



AN AMERICAN LOVE ODE:  
*From the second volume of Montaigne's Essays.*

*Stay, stay, thou lovely fearful snake,  
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake:  
But let me oft thy charms review,  
Thy glittering scales, and golden hue;  
From these a chaplet shall be wove,  
To grace the youth I dearest love.*

*Then ages hence, when thou no more  
Shalt creep along the sunny shore,  
Thy copied beauties shall be seen;  
Thy red and azure mixed with green,  
In mimic folds thou shalt display;—  
Stay, lovely, fearful adder, stay.*

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1747 in the *Poems* of Thomas Warton the Elder, whose work was edited by Joseph himself. Thanks to Mr. Iolo Williams, I can add that in George Huddesford's *Salmagundi*, 1791, the poem occurs with this heading : ‘Address of an Indian Girl to an Adder. Written in the year 1740. By an eminent literary character, then a scholar at Winchester College’. In the *Poems of George Huddesford*, 2 vols., 1801, *Salmagundi* is reprinted, with the names of the authors ; the Address is ascribed thus: ‘By the late Dr. Warton.’

THE ENTHUSIAST  
*or the*  
LOVER OF NATURE

Written in 1740.

Rure vero barbaroque laetatur. *Martial.*

Ut mihi devio  
Rupes et vacuum nemus  
Mirari libet ! *Horace.*

*Ye green-rob'd Dryads, oft at dusky eve  
By wondering shepherds seen, to forests brown,  
To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,  
Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.  
Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimic gods,  
Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns,  
Of high relief; can the long, spreading lake  
Or vista lessening to the sight; can Stow,  
With all her Attic fanes, such raptures raise,  
As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps  
The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,  
And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,  
While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots  
O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees  
Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,  
Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm  
Sweet Echo with their songs; oft too they met  
In summer evenings, near sequester'd bowers,  
Or mountain-nymph, or muse, and eager learnt*

*The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.  
As to a secret grot Aegeria stole  
With patriot Numa, and in silent night  
Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat,  
Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber lean'd  
Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.*

*Rich in her weeping country's spoils, Versailles  
May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast  
The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'ns;  
Yet let me choose some pine-topt precipice  
Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,  
Like Anio, tumbling roars; or some bleak heath,  
Where straggling stands the mournful juniper,  
Or yew-tree scath'd; while in clear prospect round,  
From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smoke  
In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,  
Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops  
Of Gothic battlements appear, and streams  
Beneath the sun-beams twinkle.—The shrill lark,  
That wakes the wood-man to his early task,  
Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays  
Soothe lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove  
Pitied by list'ning milk-maid, far excel  
The deep-mouth'd viol, the soul-lulling lute,  
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds!  
That please not like the choristers of air,  
When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.  
Can Kent design like Nature? Mark where Thames*

*Plenty and pleasure pours through Lincoln's meads;<sup>1</sup>  
Can the great artist, though with taste supreme  
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?  
Though he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns  
Formality and Method, round and square  
Disdaining, plans irregularly great.*

*Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,  
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie  
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?  
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell  
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,  
And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid,  
Phillis or Phoebe at a feast or wake,  
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,  
In innocence and home-spun vestments dress'd,  
Than if coerulean sapphires at her ears  
Shone pendent, or a precious diamond-cross  
Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.*

*Yon shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,  
List'ning to dashing waves, and sea-mew's clang  
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath  
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,  
Feels more true bliss than the proud admiral,  
Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold  
And silken streamers, though his lordly nod  
Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.*

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey.

*And great Aeneas<sup>1</sup> gaz'd with more delight  
On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,  
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,  
Descending, shook his direful Aegis black)  
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol  
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world  
Exhausted, to enrich its stately head.  
More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cot  
On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,  
Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,  
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd  
His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound  
Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs, to soothe his rest.  
Happy the first of men,<sup>2</sup> ere yet confin'd  
To smoky cities; who in sheltering groves,  
Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,  
By cares unwounded; what the sun and showers,  
And genial earth untillag'd, could produce,  
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown,  
Or blushing berry; by the liquid lapse  
Of murmur ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,  
Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe;  
With nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite youths,  
Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,  
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.  
Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid  
Nor frown of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;*

<sup>1</sup> Aeneid VIII.

<sup>2</sup> See Lucretius, Lib. V.

*Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:  
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd love,  
O! whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?  
While Avarice waves his golden wand around,  
Abhorrd magician, and his costly cup  
Prepares with baneful drugs, t'enchant the souls  
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.*

*In earth's first infancy (as sung the bard,<sup>1</sup>  
Who strongly painted what he boldly thought),  
Though the fierce north oft smote with iron whip  
Their shiv'ring limbs, though oft the bristly boar  
Or hungry lion 'woke them with their howls,  
And fear'd them from their moss-grown caves, to rove  
Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;  
Yet were not myriads in embattel'd fields  
Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas  
O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew,  
In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt  
The jolly sailor, unsuspecting harm,  
For commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,  
Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard  
The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pine,  
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us,  
Diseaseful dainties, riot, and excess,  
And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes,  
Or marshes wild unknowingly they crop'd  
Herbs of malignant juice; to realms remote*

<sup>1</sup> Lucretius.

*While we for powerful poisons madly roam,  
From every noxious herb collecting death.*

*What though unknown to those primeval fires  
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms  
By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown*

*The shapely column, and the crumbling busts  
Of awful ancestors in long descent?*

*Yet why should man mistaken, deem it nobler  
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,  
Than in God's forests, architect supreme!*

*Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's  
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;  
Or softer to the votaries of ease*

*Than bladed grass, perfum'd with dew-dropt flow'rs?  
O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,  
In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,*

*Should proudly banish Nature's simple charms!  
All-beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms  
Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,  
Where turn th' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast*

*That pants with wild astonishment and love!  
Dark forests, and the op'ning lawn, refresh'd  
With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,  
The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,*

*So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,  
The playful lamb, the distant water-fall  
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,  
The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,*

*The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs  
His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,  
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs  
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,  
The cheerful sun that through earth's vitals pours  
Delight and health and heat; all, all conspire,  
To raise, to soothe, to harmonize the mind,  
To lift on wings of praise, to the great Sire  
Of being and of beauty, at whose nod  
Creation started from the gloomy vault  
Of dreary Chaos, while the grisly king  
Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.*

*What are the lays of artful Addison,  
Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warblings wild?  
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks  
Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe  
To a close cavern: (still the shepherds show  
The sacred place, whence with religious awe  
They hear, returning from the field at eve,  
Strange whisp'rings of sweet music through the air)  
Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,  
She fed the little Prattler, and with songs  
Oft sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight  
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.*

*Oft near some crowded city would I walk,  
Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,  
Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells  
Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,*

*Striking mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.  
Or wand'ring near the sea, attend the sounds  
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves,  
Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,  
And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine  
To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,  
Pensively musing on the outrageous crimes  
That wake heav'n's vengeance: at such solemn hours,  
Daemons and goblins through the dark air shriek,  
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,  
Rides o'er the earth, and scatters woes and death.  
Then too, they say, in drear Aegyptian wilds  
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey  
With roarings loud! the list'ning traveller  
Starts fear-struck, while the hollow-echoing vaults  
Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.*

*But let me never fail in cloudless nights,  
When silent Cynthia in her silver car  
Through the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,  
Twinkle the streams, and woods look tip'd with gold,  
To seek some level mead, and there invoke  
Old Midnight's sister Contemplation sage  
(Queen of the rugged brow, and stern-fixt eye),  
To lift my soul above this little earth,  
This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,  
That I may hear the rolling planet's song,  
And tuneful turning spheres: if this be barr'd,  
The little Fays that dance in neighbouring dales,*

*Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,  
Shall charm me with aerial notes.—As thus  
I wander musing, lo, what awful forms  
Yonder appear! sharp-ey'd Philosophy  
Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,  
First meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude  
Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight;  
Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,  
Trembling, and bent with age; last, Virtue's self,  
Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads  
Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her side,  
A naked boy!—Harass'd with fear I stop,  
I gaze, when Virtue thus—‘Whoe'er thou art,  
‘Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld  
‘In these my midnight-walks; depart, and say  
‘That henceforth I and my immortal train  
‘Forsake Britannia's isle; who fondly stoops  
‘To Vice, her favourite paramour.’—She spoke,  
And as she turn'd, her round and rosy neck,  
Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,  
Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.*

*O who will bear me then to western climes,  
(Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields  
Yet unpolluted with Iberian swords:  
The isles of Innocence, from mortal view  
Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,  
Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd,  
With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt*

*The boar and tiger through savannahs wild,  
Through fragrant deserts, and through citron-groves?  
There fed on dates and herbs, would I despise  
The far-fetch'd cates of luxury, and hoards  
Of narrow-hearted avarice; nor heed  
The distant din of the tumultuous world.<sup>1</sup>  
So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,  
Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,  
Serenely gay, nor sinking sailors' cries  
Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form  
The light fantastic dance, or for her hair  
Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes  
Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.*

<sup>1</sup> The Red-Skin, *le bon sauvage*, plays a much smaller part in English than in French literature of the eighteenth century. Joseph Warton deals with the theme on several occasions.

## VERSES ON A BUTTERFLY

*Fair child of Sun and Summer! we behold  
With eager eyes thy wings bedropp'd with gold;  
The purple spots that o'er thy mantle spread,  
The sapphire's lively blue, the ruby's red,  
Ten thousand various blended tints surprise,  
Beyond the rainbow's hues or peacock's eyes:  
Not Judah's king in eastern pomp array'd,  
Whose charms allur'd from far the Sheban maid,  
High on his glitt'ring throne, like you could shine  
(Nature's completest miniature divine):  
For thee the rose her balmy buds renewes,  
And silver lilies fill their cups with dews;  
Flora for thee the laughing fields perfumes,  
For thee Pomona sheds her choicest blooms,  
Soft Zephyr wafts thee on his gentlest gales  
O'er Hackwood's sunny hills and verdant vales;  
For thee, gay queen of insects! do we rove  
From walk to walk, from beauteous grove to grove;  
And let the critics know, whose pedant pride  
And awkward jests our sprightly sport deride;  
That all who honours, fame, or wealth pursue,  
Change but the name of things—they hunt for you.*

## ODE TO FANCY

*O Parent of each lovely Muse,  
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,  
O'er all my artless songs preside,  
My footsteps to thy temple guide,  
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,  
In golden cups no costly wine,  
No murder'd fatling of the flock,  
But flowers and honey from the rock.  
O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,  
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,  
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,  
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,  
Waving in thy snowy hand  
An all-commanding magic wand,  
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,  
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,  
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey  
Through air, and over earth and sea,  
While the vast various landscape lies  
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.  
O lover of the desert, hail!  
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,  
Or on what hoary mountain's side,  
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,  
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,  
With green and grassy dales between,*

*'Mid forests dark of aged oak,  
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,  
Where never human art appear'd,  
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,  
Where Nature seems to sit alone,  
Majestic on a craggy throne;  
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,  
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,  
Where woodbines cluster round the door,  
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,  
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,  
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs  
Some nightingale still builds her nest,  
Each evening warbling thee to rest:  
There lay me by the haunted stream,  
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,  
In converse while methinks I rove  
With Spenser through a fairy grove;  
'Till suddenly awoke, I hear  
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,  
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd  
By the sweetly-soothing sound!  
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,  
Sometimes through the yellow mead,  
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,  
And Venus keeps her festive court,  
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,  
And lightly trip with nimble feet,*

*Nodding their lily-crowned heads,  
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;  
Where Echo walks steep hills among,  
List'ning to the shepherd's song:  
Yet not those flowery fields of joy  
Can long my pensive mind employ,  
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,  
To meet the matron Melancholy,  
Goddess of the tearful eye,  
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh!  
Let us with silent footsteps go  
To charnels and the house of woe,  
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,  
Where each sad night some virgin comes,  
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,  
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;  
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,  
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,  
The naked beggar shivering lies,  
While whistling tempests round her rise,  
And trembles lest the tottering wall  
Should on her sleeping infants fall.*

*Now let us louder strike the lyre,  
For my heart glows with martial fire,  
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,  
My big tumultuous bosom beat,  
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,  
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,*

*Give me another horse, I cry,  
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;  
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,  
To battle hurries me away?  
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,  
Transports me to the thickest war,  
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,  
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;  
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed  
Tramples the dying and the dead;  
Where giant Terror stalks around,  
With sullen joy surveys the ground,  
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,  
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield!*

*O guide me from this horrid scene  
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,  
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun  
The fervours of the mid-day sun;  
The pangs of absence, O remove!  
For thou canst place me near my love,  
Canst fold in visionary bliss,  
And let me think I steal a kiss,  
While her ruby lips dispense  
Luscious nectar's quintessence!  
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws  
From her green lap the pink and rose,  
When the soft turtle of the dale  
To Summer tells her tender tale,*

*When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,  
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;  
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,  
Shakes his silver beard with cold;  
At every season let my ear  
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.  
O warm, enthusiastic maid,  
Without thy powerful, vital aid,  
That breathes an energy divine,  
That gives a soul to every line,  
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane  
To utter an unhallow'd strain,  
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,  
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.  
O hear our prayer, O hither come  
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,  
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,  
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;  
O queen of numbers, once again  
Animate some chosen swain,  
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,  
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,  
Who with some new, unequall'd song,  
May rise above the rhyming throng,  
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,  
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;  
With terror shake, with pity move,  
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.*

*O deign t' attend his evening walk,  
With him in groves and grottos talk;  
Teach him to scorn with frigid art  
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;  
Like lightning, let his mighty verse  
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;  
With native beauties win applause,  
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;  
O let each Muse's fame increase,  
O bid Britannia rival Greece!*

## ODE TO EVENING

*Hail, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,  
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves,  
As, homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,  
He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.*

*When Phoebus sinks beneath the gilded hills,  
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,  
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,  
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk.*

*The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat  
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,  
Return to trip in wanton evening dance,  
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.*

*To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,  
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,  
And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,  
Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.*

*The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,  
His nibbling sheep and length'ning shadow spies,  
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,  
And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.*

*Now every passion sleeps; desponding Love,  
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;  
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,  
Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.*

*O modest Evening, oft let me appear  
A wandering votary in thy pensive train,  
List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat  
That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.*

## ODE TO SOLITUDE

*Thou, that at deep dead of night  
Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,  
In robe of flowing black array'd,  
While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;  
List'ning to the crowing cock,  
And the distant sounding clock;  
Or, sitting in the cavern low,  
Dost hear the bleak winds loudly blow,  
Or the hoarse death-boding owl,  
Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,  
While through thy melancholy room  
A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;  
Thou, that on the meadow green  
Or daisy'd upland art not seen,  
But wand'ring by the dusky nooks,  
And the pensive falling brooks,  
Or near some rugged, herbless rock,  
Where no shepherd keeps his flock!  
Musing maid, to thee I come,  
Hating the tradeful city's hum;  
O let me calmly dwell with thee,  
From noisy mirth and bus'ness free,  
With meditation seek the skies,  
This folly-fetter'd world despise!*

## THE DYING INDIAN

*The dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt  
In double poison—I shall soon arrive  
At the blest island, where no tigers spring  
On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom  
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,  
Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe  
Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast  
Daily on hearts of Spaniards! O my son,  
I feel the venom busy in my breast;  
Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth  
Of that bold Christian who first dar'd deflow'r  
The virgins of the Sun; and, dire to tell!  
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!  
I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,  
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,  
And tore his carcass from the earth, and left it  
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown  
With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns  
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,  
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,  
Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have worshipp'd  
With those that eat their God. And when disease  
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her  
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,  
Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.  
I go! great Copac beckons me! Farewell!*

EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY,  
TO THE AUTHOR OF THE COMPANION TO THE  
OXFORD GUIDE

*Friend of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,  
Who wont'st at eve to pace the long lost bounds  
Of lonesome Oseney! What malignant fiend  
Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore  
Hath base seduc'd? Urg'd thy apostate pen  
To trench deep wounds on Antiquaries sage,  
And drag the venerable fathers forth,  
Victims to laughter! Cruel as the mandate  
Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd  
To throw aside the reverend letters black,  
And print Fast Prayers in modern type! At this  
Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,  
Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,  
Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd  
To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd  
The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come  
To deck Antiquity with flow'rets gay.*

*But now may curses every search attend  
That seems inviting! may'st thou pore in vain  
For dubious door-ways! may revengeful moths  
Thy ledgers eat! may chronologic spouts*

<sup>1</sup> ‘This poem by mistake has been given to Mr. T. Warton.’  
J. Wooll.

*Retain no cypher legible! may crypts  
Lurk undiscern'd! nor may'st thou spell the names  
Of Saints in storied windows! nor the dates  
Of bells discover! nor the genuine site  
Of abbots' pantries! and may Godstowe veil,  
Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms.*

FROM SHAKESPEAR'S TWELFTH NIGHT

*That strain again! that strain repeat!  
Alas! it is not now so sweet!  
Oh! it came o'er my mournful mind,  
Like murmurs of the Southern wind  
That steal along the violet's bed,  
And gently bend the cowslip's head;  
'Twas suited to my pensive mood,  
'Twas hopeless Love's delicious food.*

## ODE

*O gentle, feather-footed Sleep,  
In downy dews her temples steep,  
Softly waving o'er her head  
Thy care-beguiling rod of lead;  
Let Hymen in her dreams appear  
And mildly whisper in her ear,  
That constant hearts can never prove  
True transports, but in wedded love.*

## VERSES

Written on passing through Hackwood Park, Aug. 7, 1779.

*O* much lov'd haunts! *O* beech-embower'd vales!  
*O* lovely lawns! where oft at pensive eve  
*I* met in former hours the Muse, and sought  
*Far* from the busy world your deepest shades,  
*Receive* my lovely Delia; to her eye,  
*Well* skill'd to judge of Nature's various charms,  
*Display* your inmost beauties, lead her steps  
*To* each inspiring avenue, but chief,  
*O* guide her to that airy hill, where Health  
*Sits* on the verdant turf enthron'd, and smiles  
*Around* the joyous villages; *O* breathe  
*Into* her tender breast your balmiest gales;  
*O* ease her languid head! that she who feels  
*For* others' pains, may ne'er lament her own.



POEMS BY  
THOMAS WARTON  
THE YOUNGER



## THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY

Praecipe lugubres  
Cantus, Melpomene !

*Mother of musings, Contemplation sage,  
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock  
Of Teneriffe; 'mid the tempestuous night,  
On which, in calmest meditation held,  
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain  
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies  
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene  
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,  
Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled vault  
Raptured thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct  
Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear  
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,  
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar  
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low  
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st  
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!  
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms  
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,  
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,  
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,  
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes  
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train  
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance  
In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r*

*Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;  
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,  
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!*

*Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles  
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,  
Where through some western window the pale moon  
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;  
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,  
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r  
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,  
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves  
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green  
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread  
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mused of old  
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void  
That far extends beneath their ample arch  
As on I pace, religious horror wraps  
My soul in dread repose. But when the world  
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,  
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame  
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare  
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk  
Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape  
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand  
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.  
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon  
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch*

*I start: lo, all is motionless around!  
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men  
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;  
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.  
O then how fearful is it to reflect,  
That through the still glove's awful solitude,  
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep  
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.  
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,  
My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy;  
But let the sacred Genius of the night  
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,  
When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,  
To the fell house of Busyrane he led  
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,  
When in abstracted thought he first conceived  
All heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim  
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.*

*Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles,  
As list'ning to the distant water-fall,  
They mark the blushes of the streaky west;  
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.  
Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,  
Where through the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam  
The dying embers scatter, far remote  
From Mirth's mad shouts, that through th' illumin'd roof  
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,*

Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.  
Then let my thought contemplative explore  
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,  
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,  
As through the wilderness of life we rove.  
This sober hour of silence will unmask  
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells  
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye  
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink  
That charmèd cup, which Reason's mintage fair  
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.  
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught  
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refined,  
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy  
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride  
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence  
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloïse, whose mind  
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,  
More genuine transport found, as on some tomb  
Reclined, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;  
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines  
Of imaged saints, and intermingled graves,  
Mus'd a veil'd votaress; than Flavia feels,  
As thro' the mazes of the festive ball,  
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,  
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,  
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

*When azure noontide cheers the daedal globe,  
And the blest regent of the golden day  
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,  
How oft my wishes ask the night's return  
That best befriends the melancholy mind!  
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!  
Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecate, hail!  
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st  
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown  
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!  
What tho' beneath thy gloom the sorceress-train,  
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,  
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;  
Tho' Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade  
Summons her slow-eyed vot'ries to devise  
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp  
In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,  
And starts at each low wind, or wakeful sound:  
What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,  
As all benighted in Arabian wastes  
He hears the wilderness around him howl  
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head  
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;  
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind  
Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,  
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,  
When from the portals of the saffron east  
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.*

*Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,  
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,  
While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south,  
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill  
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:  
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves  
Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms  
That, hoar thro' time, and ranged in thick array,  
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,  
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse  
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;  
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,  
A mournful train; secure the village hind  
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;  
Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:  
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts  
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;  
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.*

*Thro' Pope's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,  
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;  
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,  
As at the root of mossy trunk reclined,  
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song  
I see deserted Una wander wide  
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,  
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair  
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames*

*Launches in all the lustre of brocade,  
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.  
The gay description palls upon the sense,  
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.*

*Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,  
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,  
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,  
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?  
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt  
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend  
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,  
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,  
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe  
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods  
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget  
The solemn dullness of the tedious world,  
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair;  
And now no more th' abstracted ear attends  
The water's murmur'ring lapse, th' entrancèd eye  
Pierces no longer through th' extended rows  
Of thick-ranged trees; till haply from the depth  
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,  
Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms  
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.  
These are delights that absence drear has made  
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form  
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,*

*When from her violet-woven couch awaked  
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek  
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r  
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistering green  
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:  
These are delights unknown to minds profane,  
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.*

*The taper'd choir, at the late hour of prayer,  
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice  
The many-sounding organ peals on high  
The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,  
Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies,  
And lapp'd in Paradise. Or let me sit  
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,  
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,  
Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults,  
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.  
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,  
And solitude returns, would I forsake  
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark  
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,  
Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.*

*Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind  
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,  
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,  
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.*

*Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes  
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:  
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb  
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,  
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:  
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.  
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone  
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.  
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals  
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's woe  
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.*

*What are the splendours of the gaudy court,  
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?  
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,  
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds  
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar  
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim  
In distant ken discover trackless plains,  
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;  
While still repeated objects of his view,  
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,  
That crown the solitary dome, arise;  
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,  
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,  
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;  
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,  
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind*

*'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown  
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.*

*Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind  
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,  
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.  
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,  
What daedal landscapes smile! here palmy groves  
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,  
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head  
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills  
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales  
In prospect vast their level laps expand,  
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens towers.  
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll  
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge  
The thick-wove laurel shades; though roseate Morn  
Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene;  
Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,  
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,  
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis  
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.  
Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk  
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;  
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose  
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,  
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,  
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,*

*The dwellings once of elegance and art.  
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds  
Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,  
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:  
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn  
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.  
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils  
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene  
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,  
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits.*

*O, come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!  
O, come, with saintly look, and steadfast step,  
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,  
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound  
List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind  
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.  
But never let Euphrosyne beguile  
With toys of wanton mirth my fixèd mind,  
Nor in my path her primrose garland cast.  
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare  
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;  
Though Venus, mother of Smiles and Loves,  
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd in citron bower  
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast.  
What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,  
And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds  
Disperse the air, and o'er the face of heaven*

*New day diffusive gleam at her approach;  
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,  
Than all her witless revels happier far;  
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.*

*Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!  
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,  
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far  
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;  
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,  
Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs.  
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,  
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,  
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;  
And piteous bore with hospitable hand  
To the close shelter of his oaken bower.  
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn  
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;  
For, when a smiling babe, you loved to lie  
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar  
Of wood-hung Menai, stream of Druids old.*

### A SONG<sup>1</sup>

*Imitated from the Midsummer Night's Dream of Shakespeare,  
Act II, Scene V.*

*Lo, here, beneath this hallow'd shade,  
Within a cowslip's blossom deep,  
The lovely Queen of Elves is laid;  
May nought disturb her balmy sleep.*

*Let not the snake or baleful toad  
Approach the silent mansion near,  
Or newt profane the sweet abode,  
Or owl repeat her orgies here.*

*No snail or worm shall hither come  
With noxious filth her bower to stain;  
Hence to the beetle's sullen hum,  
And spider's disembowel'd train.*

*The love-lorn nightingale alone  
Shall thro' Zitania's arbour stray,  
To soothe her sleep with melting moan,  
And lull her with his sweetest lay.*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Joseph Warton's imitation of Shakespeare.

## A PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE

Mea nec Falernae  
Temperant vites, neque Formiani  
Pocula colles.                          *Horace.*

*Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,  
Hail, juice benignant! O'er the costly cups  
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,  
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;  
My sober evening let the tankard bless,  
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,  
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs  
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!  
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys  
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul  
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance  
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps  
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod  
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed  
Its opiate influence. What though sore ills  
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,  
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam  
Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing Ale  
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.*

*Meantime, not mindless of the daily task  
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves  
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;  
While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,*

*The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,  
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends  
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,  
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,  
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort  
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair  
Of monumental oak and antique mould,  
That long has stood the rage of conquering years  
Inviolate (nor in more ample chair  
Smokes rosy Justice, when th' important cause,  
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,  
In all the majesty of paunch he tries),  
Studiois of ease, and provident, I place  
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round  
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,  
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:  
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours  
In innocent delight, amusive Putt  
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play  
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.  
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,  
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;  
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,  
The frequent penny stands described to view,  
In snowy characters and graceful row.—*

*Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!  
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless I quaff*

*The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart  
New oysters cry'd; though much the Poet's friend,  
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,  
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!*

*Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms  
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof  
Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he  
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house  
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath  
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffused its balm;  
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,  
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,  
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:  
In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys;  
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!*

*Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,  
All-powerful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets  
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,  
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand  
Nor unexperienced; while the tedious toil  
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain  
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,  
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:  
Be mine each morn with eager appetite  
And hunger undissembled, to repair  
To friendly buttery; there on smoking crust*

*And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,  
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days  
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups  
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons  
Of modern time: nor ever had the might  
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,  
With British Ale improving British worth.*

*With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear  
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome  
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice  
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear;  
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude;  
Or tailor with obsequious bow advance;  
Or groom invade me with defying front  
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds  
(Whene'er or Phoebus shone with kindlier beams,  
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)  
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.  
In vain they plead or threat: all-powerful Ale  
Excuses new supplies, and each descends  
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:  
E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,  
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.  
Why did the gods such various blessings pour  
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands  
So soon the short-lived bounty to recall?—  
Thus while, improvident of future ill,*

*I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,  
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss;  
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)  
Th' unpitying bursar's cross-affixing hand  
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.  
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields  
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies;  
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives  
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.  
Thus Adam, exiled from the beauteous scenes  
Of Eden, grieved, no more in fragrant bower  
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale  
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;  
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness  
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:  
Thus too the matchless bard,<sup>1</sup> whose lay resounds  
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom  
Of lonesome garret, pined for cheerful Ale;  
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,  
Mean follower: like him with honest love  
Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.  
But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care  
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me  
That burning with congenial flame I dared  
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,  
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.*

<sup>1</sup> John Philips.

PROLOGUE ON THE OLD WINCHESTER  
PLAYHOUSE  
OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES

*Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse  
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;  
Then kindly listen, while the Prologue rambles  
From wit to beef, from Shakespeare to the shambles!  
Divided only by one flight of stairs,  
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!  
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,  
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!  
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,  
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!  
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,  
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark,  
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,  
And heroes bleed above and sheep below!  
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,  
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.  
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,  
Kidneys and kings, mouthing their marrow-bones.  
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,  
And form a tragi-comedy around.  
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,  
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!  
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh  
The pound of flesh, Antonio's bond must pay!*

*Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,  
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!  
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,  
Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden meat—  
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,  
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!  
But would you to our house in crowds repair,  
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,  
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,  
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.  
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,  
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.*

## SONNETS

### I. WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE

*W*inslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain  
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,  
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn  
'Gan the grey mist with orient purple stain,  
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:  
Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn,  
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,  
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:  
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,  
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,  
With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,  
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;  
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,  
That still they can recall those happier days.

## II. ON BATHING

*When late the trees were stript by winter pale,  
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,  
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,  
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;  
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,  
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.  
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,  
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;  
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath  
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:  
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,  
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,  
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,  
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.*

### III. WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON

*Deem not, devoid of elegance, the sage,  
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,  
Of painful pedantry the poring child;  
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,  
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.  
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled  
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage  
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styled,  
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays  
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores  
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,  
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.  
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways  
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.*

(IV.) WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE

*Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!  
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,  
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,  
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile  
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:  
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,  
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:  
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,  
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,  
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,  
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;  
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:  
Studiois to trace thy wondrous origine,  
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.*

V. WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE

*From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art  
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,  
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,  
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,  
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!  
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,  
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!  
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart  
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)  
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:  
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,  
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:  
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;  
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.*

VI. TO MR. GRAY

*Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,  
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;  
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—  
While slowly pacing through the churchyard dew,  
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,  
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;  
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,  
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue  
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defiled;  
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?  
No, bard divine! For many a care beguiled  
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,  
For many a raptured thought, and vision wild,  
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.*

## VII. TO THE SAME<sup>1</sup>

*While summer suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,  
Through Surrey's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads  
'Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,  
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,  
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene,  
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;  
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,  
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,  
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;  
And Autumn all around those hues had cast  
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.  
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom  
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,  
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!*

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Crabbe's poem, *The Lover's Journey*.

(VIII.) ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE AT  
WINCHESTER

*Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears  
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss,  
And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,  
On yonder steep in naked state appears;  
High hung remains, the pride of war-like years,  
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round  
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,  
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.  
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,  
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey  
To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,  
And fade the British characters away;  
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime  
Those Chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.*

## IX. TO THE RIVER LODON

*Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,  
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,  
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,  
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:  
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!  
While pensive Memory traces back the round,  
Which fills the varied interval between;  
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.  
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure  
No more return, to cheer my evening road!  
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,  
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,  
From youth's grey dawn to manhood's prime mature;  
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.*

## MONODY

Written near Stratford-upon-Avon.

*Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,  
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,  
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;  
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fringed,  
Thy surface with reflected verdure tinged;  
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.  
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,  
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,  
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows  
Above th' embowering shade,  
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,  
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;  
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,  
Framed of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:  
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,  
As at the waving of some magic wand;  
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,  
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings  
People the busy mead,  
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;  
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand  
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.  
Before me Pity seems to stand  
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,  
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood,*

*His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.  
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,  
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.*

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR  
THE WATER

I

*The Graces sought in yonder stream  
To cool the fervid day,  
When Love's malicious godhead came,  
And stole their robes away.*

II

*Proud of the theft, the little god  
Their robes bade Delia wear;  
While they, ashamed to stir abroad,  
Remain all naked here.*

A PASTORAL IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER

From Theocritus, Idyll. xx.

I

*As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kiss,  
She with discurtesee reprov'd my will;  
Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasant bliss,  
A simple shepherd, and a losell vile?  
Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip  
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.*

II

*As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,  
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliaunce  
She bragly turned her ungentle face,  
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce:  
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent,  
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.*

III

*Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?  
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms?  
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressèd hayre  
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:  
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,  
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.*

IV

*My lip with vermil was embellishèd,  
My bagpipe's notes loud and delicious were,  
The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,  
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere,  
My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,  
My look was blythe as Marg'ret's at the mill.*

V

*But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,  
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love;  
Nor wist what Thenot told us swains of late,  
That Venus sought a shepherd in a grove;  
Nor that a heav'nly God, who Phoebus hight,  
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.*

VI

*Ah! 'tis that Venus with accurst despight,  
That all my dolour and my shame has made!  
Nor does remembrance of her own delight  
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade!  
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,  
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever take a kiss!*

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES

For the year 1771.

*Delicious news—a war with Spain!  
New rapture fires our Christmas strain.  
Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,  
What bright victorious scenes arise!  
What paragraphs of English glory  
Will Master Jackson set before ye!  
The Governor of Buenos Ayres  
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;  
For whether North, or whether Chatham,  
Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em:  
Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—  
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—  
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,  
Bellas the bold, and Parson Horne:  
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,  
The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,  
The Ins and Outs, with cant eternal,  
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—  
After a dreary season past,  
Our turn to live is come at last:  
Gen'rals, and Admirals, and Jews,  
Contractors, Printers, Men of News,  
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,  
And leave the work of peace to blockheads.*

*But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—  
The war is not declared as yet:  
And we, though now so blithe we sing,  
May all be press'd to serve the King!  
Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,  
Produce your hospitable cheer:—  
While we, with much sincere delight,  
(Whether we publish news—or fight)  
Like England's undegenerate sons,  
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!*

## THE HAMLET

Written in Whichwood Forest.

*The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled  
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild:  
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,  
For splendid care, and guilty gain!*

*When morning's twilight-tinctured beam  
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,  
They rove abroad in ether blue,  
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;  
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,  
That nodding shades a craggy dell.*

*'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,  
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:  
On green untrodden banks they view  
The hyacinth's neglected hue:  
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,  
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:  
And startle from her ashen spray,  
Across the glen, the screaming jay:  
Each native charm their steps explore  
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.*

*For them the moon with cloudless ray  
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:*

*Their weary spirits to relieve,  
The meadows incense breathe at eve.  
No riot mars the simple fare,  
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:  
But when the curfew's measured roar  
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,  
Has echoed from the distant town,  
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,  
No trophied canopies, to close  
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.*

*Their little sons, who spread the bloom  
Of health around the clay-built room,  
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,  
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;  
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,  
Or drive afield the tardy kine;  
Or hasten from the sultry hill,  
To loiter at the shady rill;  
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,  
To rob the raven's ancient nest.*

*Their humble porch with honied flow'rs  
The curling woodbine's shade imbow'rs:  
From the small garden's thymy mound  
Their bees in busy swarms resound:  
Nor fell Disease, before his time,  
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:*

*But when their temples long have wore  
The silver crown of tresses hoar;  
As studious still calm peace to keep,  
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.*

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY,  
IN CHESHIRE

*As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,  
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,  
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,  
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.*

*How sunk the scene, where cloister'd Leisure mused!  
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;  
And, lavish of magnificence, diffused  
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!*

*The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,  
Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,  
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown  
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.*

*The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,  
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,  
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest  
With rich reflection of the storied glass.*

*Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,  
Sublimely shrined in gorgeous imagery;  
And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,  
Their consecrated banners hung on high.*

*There oxen browse, and there the sable yew  
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;  
And shed in lingering drops ungenial dew  
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.*

*By the slow clock, in stately-measured chime,  
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,  
No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,  
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.*

*High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,  
No more the windows, ranged in long array,  
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between  
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.*

*Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,  
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)  
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,  
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.*

*As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,  
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,  
Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,  
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?*

*For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,  
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,  
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,  
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:*

*Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,  
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;  
And thro' the chambers pale, to slumbers mild  
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:*

*Yet hence, enthroned in venerable state,  
Proud Hospitality dispensed her store:  
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,  
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!*

*Her ponderous vase, with Gothic portraiture  
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;  
'Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,  
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.*

*Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,  
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;  
Here raptured see, Religion's evening ray  
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.*

*Here ancient Art her daedal fancies play'd  
In the quaint mazes of the crispèd roof;  
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,  
And ranged the cluster'd column, massy proof.*

*Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,  
Hover'd awhile, nor dared attempt the day;  
But patient traced upon the pictured page  
The holy legend, or heroic lay.*

*Hither the solitary minstrel came  
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky  
Hung lowering, and around the social flame  
Tuned his bold harp to tales of chivalry.*

*Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;  
Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,  
To pluck the grey moss from the mantled stone,  
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.*

*Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,  
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:  
And with fair images of ancient things  
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.*

*But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse;  
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pen:  
Severer Reason forms far other views,  
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.*

*From these deserted domes new glories rise;  
More useful institutes, adorning man,  
Manners enlarged, and new civilities,  
On fresh foundations build the social plan.*

*Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight  
Essays, escaped from Superstition's shrine;  
While freed Religion, like primeval light  
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.*

## THE FIRST OF APRIL

*With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos  
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse  
The boisterous boy the fair denies,  
Or with a scornful smile complies.*

*Mindful of disaster past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The sleety storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, and evening chill;  
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.  
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,  
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,  
That clothe the garden's southern bound:  
Scarce a sickly straggling flower  
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:  
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps  
From the dark dell's entangled steeps;  
O'er the field of waving broom  
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:  
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale  
Tinctures the transitory gale.  
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,  
Where the vegetable blaze  
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,  
Every chequer'd charm is flown;  
Save that the lilac hangs to view  
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.*

*Scant along the ridgy land  
The beans their new-born ranks expand:  
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades  
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:  
Fringing the forest's devious edge,  
Half robed appears the hawthorn hedge;  
Or to the distant eye displays  
Weakly green its budding sprays.*

*The swallow, for a moment seen,  
Skims in haste the village green:  
From the grey moor, on feeble wing,  
The screaming plovers idly spring:  
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,  
Explores awhile the tepid noon;  
And fondly trusts its tender dyes  
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.*

*Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,  
If a cloud should haply lower,  
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,  
Mute on a sudden is the lark;  
But when gleams the sun again  
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,  
And from behind his watery veil  
Looks through the thin descending hail;  
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,  
Salutes the blithe return of light,  
And high her tuneful track pursues  
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.*

*Where in venerable rows  
Widely waving oaks enclose  
The moat of yonder antique hall,  
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;  
And to the toils of nature true,  
Wreathe their capacious nests anew.*

*Musing through the lawny park,  
The lonely poet loves to mark  
How various greens in faint degrees  
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;  
While, careless of the changing year,  
The pine cerulean, never sere,  
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,  
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.*

*Within some whispering osier isle,  
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;  
And each trim meadow still retains  
The wintry torrent's oozy stains:  
Beneath a willow, long forsook,  
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;  
And bursting through the crackling sedge,  
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,  
He startles from the bordering wood  
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.*

*O'er the broad downs, a novel race,  
Frisk lambs with faltering pace,*

*And with eager bleatings fill  
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.*

*His free-born vigour yet unbroke  
To lordly man's usurping yoke,  
The bounding colt forgets to play,  
Basking beneath the noontide ray,  
And stretch'd among the daisies pied  
Of a green dingle's sloping side:  
While far beneath, where nature spreads  
Her boundless length of level meads,  
In loose luxuriance taught to stray  
A thousand tumbling rills inlay  
With silver veins the vale, or pass  
Redundant through the sparkling grass.*

*Yet, in these presages rude,  
'Midst her pensive solitude,  
Fancy, with prophetic glance,  
Sees the teeming months advance;  
The field, the forest, green and gay,  
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;  
Sees the reddening orchard blow,  
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;  
Sees June unfold his glossy robe  
Or thousand hues o'er all the globe;  
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,  
And Plenty load her ample horn.*

ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER

*Hence, iron-sceptred Winter, haste  
To bleak Siberian waste!  
Haste to thy polar solitude;  
'Mid cataracts of ice,  
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,  
From many an airy precipice,  
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,  
Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers;  
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,  
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,  
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud  
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.*

*E'en now, before the vernal heat  
Sullen I see the train retreat:  
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,  
That on a ravenous tiger rides,  
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown  
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:  
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,  
In mantle clad of watchet hue:  
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,  
Still threatening with his arrows keen;  
And next, in furry coat embost  
With icicles, his brother Frost.*

*Winter farewell! thy forests hoar,  
Thy frozen floods delight no more;  
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!  
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,  
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,  
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.*

*Thee April blithe, as long of yore,  
Bermuda's lawns he frolick'd o'er,  
With musky nectar-trickling wing,  
(In the new world's first dawning spring,) To gather balm of choicest dews,  
And patterns fair of various hues,  
With which to paint, in changeful dye,  
The youthful earth's embroidery;  
To cull the essence of rich smells  
In which to dip his new-born bells;*

*Thee, as he skimm'd with pinions fleet,  
He found an infant, smiling sweet;  
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd  
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.  
There, on an amaranthine bed,  
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;  
Till soon beneath his forming care,  
You bloom'd a goddess debonair;  
And then he gave the blessed isle  
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:  
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,  
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:*

*And to thy care the task assign'd  
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,  
His roseate infant-births to rear,  
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.*

*Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,  
With thee lead a buxom band;  
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,  
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy:  
Leisure, that through the balmy sky  
Chases a crimson butterfly.  
Bring Health, that loves an early dawn  
To meet the milkmaid on the lawn;  
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,  
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!  
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,  
Light, and for ever on the wing.  
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean  
On river-margins, mossy green.  
But who is she, that bears thy train,  
Pacing light the velvet plain?  
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,  
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;  
'Tis May, the Grace—confess'd she stands  
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:  
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,  
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;*

*With whom the powers of Flora play,  
And paint with pansies all the way.*

*Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,  
Has dress'd the groves in livery green;  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bower to build;  
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
Put her matron-mantle on,  
And mists in spreading steams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;  
Then, Goddess, guide my pilgrim feet  
Contemplation hoar to meet,  
As slow he winds in museful mood,  
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood:  
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,  
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,  
All playful yet, in years unripe,  
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.  
There through the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:  
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
Beneath her elm the milkmaid chants,  
The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
Rests him at a shady stile.*

*Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;*

*Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,  
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:  
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet  
To bathe in dew my roving feet:  
Nor wants there notes of Philomel,  
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:  
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot:  
Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:  
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,  
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.  
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest  
The ruby chambers of the West,  
That all aslant the village tower  
A mild reflected radiance pour,  
While, with the level-streaming rays  
Far seen its archèd windows blaze:  
And the tall grove's green top is dight  
In russet tints, and gleams of light:  
So that the gay scene by degrees  
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;  
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight  
Portrays her kindred visions bright,  
At length the parting light subdues  
My soften'd soul to calmer views,  
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,  
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,*

*Till from the path I fondly stray  
In musings lapp'd, nor heed the way;  
Wandering thro' the landscape still,  
Till Melancholy has her fill;  
And on each moss-wove border damp  
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.*

*But when the Sun, at noontide hour,  
Sits throned in his highest tower;  
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess, lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead:  
To mix in rural mood among  
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;  
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,  
The russet piles to lean beneath:  
There as my listless limbs are thrown  
On couch more soft than palace down;  
I listen to the busy sound  
Of mirth and toil that hums around;  
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,  
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.*

*But ever, after summer-shower,  
When the bright sun's returning power,  
With laughing beam has chased the storm,  
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;  
By sweetbrier hedges, bath'd in dew,  
Let me my wholesome path pursue;  
There issuing forth the frequent snail*

*Wears the dank way with slimy trail,  
While, as I walk, from pearled bush  
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;  
And all the landscape fair I view  
Clad in robe of fresher hue:  
And so loud the blackbird sings,  
That far and near the valley rings.  
From shelter deep of shaggy rock  
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;  
From bowering beech the mower blithe  
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;  
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads  
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.*

*But ever against restless heat  
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,  
O'er whose dim mouth an ivied oak  
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;  
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,  
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;  
Which, as they gush upon the ground,  
Still scatter misty dews around:  
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,  
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;  
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,  
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;  
Or noontide grot where Sylvan sleeps  
In hoar Lycaeum's piny steeps.*

*Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,  
While all without is scorch'd in day;  
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath  
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;  
The drooping hedger wishes eve,  
In vain, of labour short reprieve!  
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,  
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands:  
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye  
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,  
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,  
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.  
How does he wish some cooling wave  
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!  
And thinks, in every whisper low,  
He hears a bursting fountain flow.*

*Or bear me to some antique wood,  
Dim temple of sage Solitude!  
There within a nook most dark,  
Where none my musing mood may mark,  
Let me in many a whisper'd rite  
The genius old of Greece invite,  
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,  
Which for his chosen imps he twined,  
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,  
On clear Ilissus' laureate shore,*

*Till high on waving nest reclined,  
The raven wakes my tranced mind!*

*Or to the forest-fringed vale,  
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,  
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,  
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:  
In the midst, with sedges grey  
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way  
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,  
Around an oozy freshness breathes.  
O'er the solitary green,  
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:  
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,  
Save that by fits an heifer lows:  
A scene might tempt some peaceful Sage  
To rear him a lone hermitage;  
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse  
On virtue's holy lore to muse.*

*Yet still the sultry noon t' appease,  
Some more romantic scene might please;  
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,  
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:  
Or bower in Vallombrosa's shade,  
By legendary pens portray'd.  
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,  
On that hoar hill's aerial height,*

*In solemn state, where waving wide,  
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide  
The rugged vaults, and riven towers  
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,  
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,  
In Scotland's martial days of old,  
Descended from the stately feast,  
Begirt with many a warrior guest,  
To quell the pride of Norway's king,  
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.  
As through the caverns dim I wind,  
Might I that holy legend find,  
By fairies spelt in magic rhymes,  
To teach inquiring later times,  
What open force, or secret guile,  
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.*

*But when mild morn in saffron stole  
First issues from her eastern goal,  
Let not my due feet fail to climb  
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,  
Whence Nature's universal face  
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;  
The misty streams that wind below  
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;  
The groves and castled cliffs appear  
Invested all in radiance clear;  
O every village charm beneath!*

*The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!  
O beauteous, rural interchange!  
The simple spire, and elmy grange!  
Content, indulging blissful hours,  
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,  
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,  
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.*

*'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,  
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:  
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,  
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,  
What fires within my bosom wake,  
How glows my mind the reed to take!  
What charms like thine the Muse can call,  
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;  
With whom each field's a paradise,  
And all the globe a bower of bliss!  
With thee conversing, all the day,  
I meditate my lightsome lay.  
These pedant cloisters let me leave,  
To breathe my votive song at eve,  
In valleys, where mild whispers use  
Of shade and stream, to court the Muse;  
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,  
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.*

*But when life's busier scene is o'er,  
And Age shall give the tresses hoar,*

*I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,  
And make an humble thatch my home,  
Which sloping hills around inclose,  
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;  
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers  
Its tides a far-famed river pours:  
By Nature's beauties taught to please,  
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!  
Still grot of Peace! in lowly shed  
Who loves to rest her gentle head.  
For not the scenes of Attic art  
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart:  
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,  
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.*

*Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,  
Send me a little, and content;  
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,  
The social scene of dear delight:  
The conscience pure, the temper gay,  
The musing eve, the idle day.  
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,  
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:  
To catch the bold heroic flame,  
That built immortal Graecia's fame.  
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise  
The solemn song to Britain's praise:  
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,*

*And paint heroic ancient deeds:  
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,  
And Edward, stern in sable mail;  
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom;  
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.*

*O ever to sweet Poesy  
Let me live true votary!  
She shall lead me by the hand,  
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!  
She from her precious stores shall shed  
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:  
She from my tender youthful cheek,  
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,  
The secret, and unpitied tear,  
Which still I drop in darkness drear.  
She shall be my blooming bride;  
With her, as years successive glide,  
I'll hold divinest dalliance,  
For ever held in holy trance.*

SENT TO MR. UPTON, ON HIS EDITION  
OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

*As oft, reclined on Cherwell's shelving shore,  
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page,  
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore  
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;*

*Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon  
O'er the loved strain had cast his dim disguise;  
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,  
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.*

*Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale  
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:  
His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,  
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.*

*Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd  
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,  
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,  
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:*

*The dauntless maid with hardy step explored  
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;  
And thro' th' enchanted chamber, richly stored,  
Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by.—*

*At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,  
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,  
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,  
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.*

*At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,  
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;  
Pleased that her laureate votary's rescued song  
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.*

## THE SUICIDE

*Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,  
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,  
O'erhang the craggy road,  
And whistle hollow as they wave;  
Within a solitary grave,  
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.*

*Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes  
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,  
And dimm'd the struggling day;  
As by the brook, that ling'ring laves  
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,  
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.*

*I mark'd his desultory pace,  
His gestures strange, and varying face,  
With many a mutter'd sound;  
And ah! too late aghast I view'd  
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;  
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.*

*Full many a melancholy night  
He watch'd the slow return of light;  
And sought the powers of sleep,  
To spread a momentary calm  
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm  
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.*

*Full oft, unknowing and unknown,  
He wore his endless noons alone,  
    Amid the autumnal wood:  
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,  
    Abrupt the social board to quit,  
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.*

*Beckoning the wretch to torments new,  
Despair, for ever in his view,  
    A spectre pale, appear'd;  
While as the shades of eve arose,  
    And brought the day's unwelcome close,  
More horrible and huge her giant shape she rear'd.*

*'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,  
'Is this the youth whose genius high  
    Could build the genuine rhyme?  
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse  
Had stor'd with all her ample views,  
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.'*

*Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild  
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,  
    To strike the deathful blow:  
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind  
    With many a feeling too refin'd,  
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.*

*Though doom'd hard penury to prove,  
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;  
To griefs congenial prone,  
More wounds than nature gave he knew,  
While misery's form his fancy drew  
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.*

*Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb  
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom  
To drop its deadly dew:  
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,  
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,  
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.*

*What though no marble-piled bust  
Adorn his desolated dust,  
With speaking sculpture wrought?  
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,  
To build a visionary shrine,  
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.*

*What though refus'd each chanted rite?  
Here viewless mourners shall delight  
To touch the shadowy shell:  
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom  
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,  
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.*

*To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,  
This votive dirge sad duty paid,  
Within an ivied nook;  
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day  
More radiant shot its parting ray,  
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.*

*'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;  
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays  
The wreath of glory twine:  
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow  
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,  
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.*

*'Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,  
Permits through life at large to rove  
The tribes of hell-born Woe:  
Yet the same power that wisely sends  
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends  
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.*

*'Her aid divine had lull'd to rest  
Your foul self-murtherer's throbbing breast,  
And stay'd the rising storm:  
Had bade the sun of hope appear  
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,  
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.*

*'Vain man! 'tis heaven's prerogative  
To take, what first it deign'd to give,  
Thy tributary breath:  
In awful expectation plac'd,  
Await thy doom, nor impious haste  
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death.'*

## THE CRUSADE

*Bound for holy Palestine,  
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,  
All in azure steel array'd;  
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,  
And made the dancing billows glow;  
High upon the trophied prow,  
Many a warrior-minstrel swung  
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:  
‘Syrian virgins, wail and weep,  
English Richard ploughs the deep!  
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,  
From distant towers, with anxious eye,  
The radiant range of shield and lance  
Down Damascus' hills advance:  
From Sion's turrets as afar  
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!  
Saladin, thou paynim king,  
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!  
On Acon's spiry citadel,  
Though to the gale thy banners swell,  
Pictur'd with the silver moon;  
England shall end thy glory soon!  
In vain, to break our firm array,  
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:  
Those sounds our rising fury fan:  
English Richard in the van,*

*On to victory we go,  
A vaunting infidel the foe.'*

*Blondel led the tuneful band,  
And swept the wire with glowing hand.  
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,  
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,  
Far along the smiling main  
Echoed the prophetic strain.*

*Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth  
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;  
Then, with ardour fresh endu'd,  
Thus the solemn song renew'd:—*

*'Lo, the toilsome voyage past,  
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!  
Object of our holy vow,  
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.  
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep  
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:  
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm  
Waves the date-empurpled palm,  
See Lebanon's aspiring head  
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!  
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,  
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!  
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,  
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;  
Your ravish'd honours to restore,  
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!*

*And thou, the sepulchre of God!  
By mocking pagans rudely trod,  
Bereft of every awful rite,  
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;  
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,  
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!  
Aloft in his heroic hand,  
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,  
O'er the far-affrighted fields,  
Resistless Kaliburn he wields.  
Proud Saracen, pollute no more  
The shrines by martyrs built of yore  
From each wild mountain's trackless crown  
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:  
Thy battering engines, huge and high,  
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;  
And, rolling in terrific state,  
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.  
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,  
Amid the moonlight vapours damp,  
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,  
Haunt us on the tented plain:  
We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,  
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!  
With many a demon, pale of hue,  
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew  
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,  
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.*

*Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,  
The Christian's holy courage quell.  
Salem, in ancient majesty  
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!  
Soon on thy battlements divine  
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.  
Ye Barons, to the sun unfold  
Our Cross with crimson wove and gold!"*

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR

*Stately the feast, and high the cheer:  
Girt with many an armed peer,  
And canopied with golden pall,  
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,  
Sublime in formidable state,  
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;  
Prepared to stain the briny flood  
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.*

*Illumining the vaulted roof,  
A thousand torches flamed aloof:  
From massy cups, with golden gleam  
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:  
To grace the gorgeous festival,  
Along the lofty-window'd hall,  
The storied tapestry was hung:  
With minstrelsy the rafters rung  
Of harps, that with reflected light  
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:  
While gifted bards, a rival throng,  
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,  
From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown,  
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,  
From many a shaggy precipice  
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,  
And many a sunless solitude  
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,) )*

*To crown the banquet's solemn close,  
Themes of British glory chose;  
And to the strings of various chime  
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme:*

*'O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,  
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;  
On Tintaggel's topmost tower  
Darksome fell the sleety shower;  
Round the rough castle shrilly sung  
The whirling blast, and wildly flung  
On each tall rampart's thundering side  
The surges of the tumbling tide:  
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks  
On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:  
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed  
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!  
Yet in vain a paynim foe  
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;  
For when he fell, an elfin queen,  
All in secret, and unseen,  
O'er the fainting hero threw  
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;  
And bade her spirits bear him far,  
In Merlin's agate-axed car,  
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,  
Far in the navel of the deep.  
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew  
From flowers that in Arabia grew:*

*On a rich enchanted bed  
She pillow'd his majestic head;  
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,  
Thrice she waved an opiate wand;  
And to soft music's airy sound,  
Her magic curtains closed around.  
There, renew'd the vital spring,  
Again he reigns a mighty king;  
And many a fair and fragrant clime,  
Blooming in immortal prime,  
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,  
Owns the monarch's high command:  
Thence to Britain shall return,  
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)  
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,  
His ancient sceptre to resume;  
Once more, in old heroic pride,  
His barbed courser to bestride;  
His knightly table to restore,  
And brave the tournaments of yore.'*

*They ceased: when on the tuneful stage  
Advanced a bard, of aspect sage;  
His silver tresses, thin besprent,  
To age a graceful reverence lent;  
His beard all white as spangles frore  
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar.  
Down to his harp descending flow'd;  
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;*

*His eyes diffused a soften'd fire,  
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.*

*'Listen, Henry, to my read!  
Not from fairy realms I lead  
Bright-robed Tradition, to relate  
In forged colours Arthur's fate;  
Though much of old romantic lore  
On the high theme I keep in store:  
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,  
Where Truth the strain might best become.  
If thine ear may still be won  
With songs of Uther's glorious son,  
Henry, I a tale unfold,  
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,  
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;  
Which in my youth's full early flower,  
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line  
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,  
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,  
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,  
What time the glistening vapours fled  
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head;  
And on its sides the torrents grey  
Shone to the morning's orient ray.*

*'When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,  
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,  
Snatch'd him by Merlin's potent spell,  
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;*

*Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,  
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:  
But when he fell, with winged speed,  
His champions, on a milk-white steed,  
From the battle's hurricane,  
Bore him to Joseph's tower'd fane,  
In the fair vale of Avalon:  
There, with chanted orison,  
And the long blaze of tapers clear,  
The stoled fathers met the bier:  
Through the dim aisles, in order dread  
Of martial woe, the chief they led,  
And deep intomb'd in holy ground,  
Before the altar's solemn bound.  
Around no dusky banners wave,  
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:  
Away the ruthless Dane has torn  
Each trace of Time's slow touch had worn;  
And long, o'er the neglected stone,  
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:  
The faded tomb, with honour due,  
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!  
Thither, when Conquest has restored  
Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,  
When Peace, with palm has crown'd thy brows,  
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.  
There, observant of my lore,  
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;*

*And thrice a fathom underneath  
Dive into the vaults of death.  
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,  
On his gigantic stature gaze;  
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,  
All in warrior-weeds array'd;  
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,  
And weapons huge of old renown.  
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save  
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!  
So may thy ships securely stem  
The western frith: thy diadem  
Shine victorious in the van,  
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:  
Thy Norman pike-men win their way  
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:  
And from the steeps of rough Kildare  
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:  
So may thy bow's unerring yew  
Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue.'*

*Amid the pealing symphony  
The spiced goblets mantled high;  
With passions new the song impress'd  
The listening king's impatient breast:  
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;  
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;  
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,  
The consecrated floor to trace,*

*And ope, from its tremendous gloom,  
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:  
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,  
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,  
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:  
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,  
To poise the monarch's massy blade,  
Of magic-temper'd metal made;  
And drag to day the dinted shield  
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.  
O'er the sepulchre profound  
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,  
He plans the chauntry's choral shrine,  
The daily dirge, and rites divine.*

VERSES<sup>1</sup>

On Sir Joshua Reynold's Painted Window at  
New College, Oxford.

*Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace  
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!  
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,  
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!  
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combined,  
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!  
For long, enamour'd of a barbaric age,  
A faithless truant to the classic page;  
Long have I loved to catch the simple chime  
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhyme;  
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,  
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;  
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,  
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;  
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,  
And muse on the magnificence of yore.*

*But chief, enraptured have I loved to roam,  
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,  
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,  
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;  
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,  
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;*

<sup>1</sup> Written and published in 1782.

*Where Superstition with capricious hand  
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,  
With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,  
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;  
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,  
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued;  
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:  
Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,  
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung.  
Her dark illumination wide she flung,  
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,  
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.  
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:  
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!  
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,  
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!  
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,  
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!*

*Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—  
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?  
No more the matchless skill I call unkind,  
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.  
For when again I view thy chaste design,  
The just proportion, and the genuine line;  
Those native portraitures of Attic art,  
That from the lucid surface seem to start;  
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,  
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:*

*The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,  
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;  
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;  
The feature blooming with immortal life:  
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,  
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;  
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,  
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;  
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild  
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:  
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,  
Which late my visionary rapture fed:  
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,  
And brought my bosom back to truth again;  
To truth, by no peculiar taste confined,  
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;  
To truth, whose bold and unrestricted aim  
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;  
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,  
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.*

*Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,  
At distance due, possess the crispèd niche;  
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd  
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:  
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,  
More pride than humble poverty display:  
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown  
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:*

*Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,  
But boast no semblance to a race divine:  
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,  
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;  
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,  
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:  
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,  
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!  
Ye colours that th' unwary sight amaze,  
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!  
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,  
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.  
Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,  
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!  
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,  
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!  
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil  
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;  
But calls the lineaments of life complete  
From genial alchymy's creative heat;  
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,  
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.*

*Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,  
To add new lustre to religious light:  
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,  
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:  
With arts unknown before, to reconcile  
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.*

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1786

I

*'Dear to Jove, a genial isle  
Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;  
The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,  
The vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime:  
There, in many a fragrant cave,  
Dwell the Spirits of the brave,  
And braid with amaranth their brows sublime.  
So feign'd the Grecian bards, of yore;  
And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest  
A visionary shore,  
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye  
Through the dark volume of futurity:  
Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd  
Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the West;  
Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,  
And snatch'd the trident from the Tyrant's hand.*

II

*Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?  
Mark the deeds from age to age,  
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:  
And see, with all its strength untam'd by time,  
Still glows her valour's veteran rage.  
O'er Calpe's cliffs, and steepy towers,  
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,*

*And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw;  
While far along the midnight main  
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew;  
How triumph'd Elliott's patient train,  
Baffling their vain confederate foes;  
And met the unwonted fight's terrific form;  
And hurling back the burning war, arose  
Superior to the fiery storm!*

III

*Is there an ocean that forgets to roll  
Beneath the torpid pole,  
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?  
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.  
The rugged Neptune of the wint'ry brine  
In vain his adamantine breast-plate wears:  
To search coy Nature's guarded mine,  
She bursts the barriers of th' indignant ice;  
O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:  
And rousing far around the polar sleep,  
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,  
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.  
She speeds, at George's sage command,  
Society from deep to deep,  
And zone to zone she binds;  
From shore to shore, o'er every land,  
The golden chain of commerce winds.*

IV

*Meantime her patriot-cares explore  
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store;  
Her native fleece new fervour feels,  
And wakens all its whirling wheels,  
And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;  
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,  
In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,  
And calls her Sister-isle to share the tie:  
Nor heeds the violence that broke  
From filial realms her old parental yoke!*

V

*Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,  
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;  
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,  
Stands the Briton's social home.—  
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!  
Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain;  
Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,  
And watch around the forest cot.  
With conscious certainty, the swain  
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,  
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;  
And claims the ripe autumnal gold,  
The meed of toil, of industry the prize.  
For ours the King, who boasts a parent's praise,*

*Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;  
Ours is the Senate, not a specious name,  
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame:  
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,  
And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide  
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.*

VI

*Hence then, each vain complaint, away,  
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!  
Nor blast the new-born year,  
That anxious waits the spring's slow-shooting ray:  
Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.  
With candid glance, th' impartial Muse,  
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,  
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,  
And breaks Opinion's speculative gloom:  
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,  
Full right she spells the characters of Fate,  
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!  
Still in eternal story shine,  
Of Victory the sea-beat shrine;  
The source of every splendid art,  
Of old, of future worlds the universal mart.*

LATIN POEMS<sup>1</sup>

EPITAPHIUM

*Conjux chara vale! tibi Maritus  
Hoc pono memori manu sepulcrum:  
At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,  
Dum tristi recolo, Susanna, corde,  
Quàm constans, animo neque impotente,  
Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,  
Me spectans placidis supremùm ocellis!  
Quòd si pro meritis vel ipse flerem,  
Quo fletu tua te relicta proles,  
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur,  
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem?  
At quorsum lacrymæ? Valeto raræ  
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!*

<sup>1</sup> The accents and the spelling of Willmott's careful edition have been preserved.

*Si qua est gratia rivuli perennis,  
Ripas qui properat loquax per udas;  
Si quis gramineo nitor vireto,  
Rasisve in spatiis quid est amæni;  
Aut siquod, fruticum tenellulorum,  
Raris fasciculis et hinc et inde  
Frondentum, tenues brevesque sylvæ,  
Possint pandere dædali coloris;  
Quin, si floribus, angulos per omnes,  
Quod dulcedinis est sine arte sparsis;  
Cum crebris saluberrimis et herbis;  
Hunc, hospes, lepidum putabis hortum.  
At nec deliciae, licet suäves,  
Tales te poterint diù tenere,  
Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque  
Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum,  
Antiquumque larem decus camenis.  
Hac dum prospicias, jugi sacrati  
Sub clivo ancipiiti, domus superbæ  
Olim, fragmina vasta, dirutasque  
Arces; ah memor, hospes, esto, ut ipsæ,  
Quas nunc egregio vides decoras  
Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,  
Mox traxisse queant parem ruinam,  
Et musco jaceant situque plenæ;  
Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus*

*Diti fecerit auxeritque sumtū,  
Te, Phæbi domus alma; teque templum,  
Centum surgere jusserit columnis.*

NOSCE TEIPSUM

*Arripuit Martis galeam clypeumque Cupido,  
Atque viri pugnax induit arma puer.  
Mox Veneri occurrens, En quantus pectore surgo!  
En lorica mihi martia! mater, ait:  
Haud opus est armis, fili, dea dixit, ahenis,  
Vulnera sæva satis figit inermis Amor.*

EX POEMATE DE RATIONE SALUTIS  
CONSERVANDÆ<sup>1</sup>

*Ergo agite, O Nymphæ, integros ostendite fontes;  
Egelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,  
Naiades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,  
Vobis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxis  
Flumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire reclusas.  
Sanctâ percusus mentem formidine, rupes  
Prospicio, quâ vorticibus spumantibus amnes  
Insignes micuere, antiquo carmine clari.  
Ante omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit  
Nilus; at iratis properat violentior undis  
Hinc Padus; inde jugis Euphrates Oceano par  
Volvitur umbriferis, Orientemque irrigat omnem.  
At secum, sævoque procul resupinus in antro,  
Squallentem Tanais diffudit barbarus urnam.  
Quantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta silvis  
Undique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima  
Nobilium! Ergo animum permista horrore voluptas  
Percipit, et sacro correptunt ossa pavore:  
Et magis atque magis, dirâ formidine circùm  
Frondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit  
Altius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.  
Dicite, num Lemurûm regio stat finibus istis  
Abdita? quænam hæc ignoti pomæria mundi?  
Qui populi? Quæve arva viris exercita? siquæ*

<sup>1</sup> *The Art of Preserving Health, Bk. II, ver. 352.*

*Talia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.  
O ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum  
Porrigitur! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu  
Fertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amæna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum? per opaca locorum  
Ducite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis eunti:  
Munera vestra cano; nam jussit talia Pæon,  
Talia, diva Salus; et versu pandere conor,  
Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento:  
Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.  
Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique; gemmis  
Lumine dat radiare vago; dat quercubus altis  
Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos;  
Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino:  
Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cuïque,  
Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ  
Vescitur, irriguisve virescit florida campis.*



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